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HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE.

BY THE EDITOR.

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[CONTINUED.]

THE CHIEFSHIP.

It would have been seen that the male line of Colonel Alexander Mackenzie of Assynt became extinct on the death of Francis Humberston Mackenzie, the last Lord Seaforth, who died in 1815, surviving all his male issue. It will also be remembered that the male line of George, second Earl of Seaforth, who died in 1651, terminated in Kenneth, nineteenth Baron of Kintail, whose only issue was Caroline, married to Count Melfort. It was previously shown that the lineal descent of the original line of Kintail was directed from heirs male in the person of Anna, Countess of Balcarres, daughter of Colin, first Earl of Seaforth; and the male line of Colonel Alexander Mackenzie of Assynt having terminated in "the Last of the Seaforths," we must again carry the reader back to a collateral branch to pick up the legitimate succession, and, as far as possible, settle the question of the present Chiefship of the Clan.

Various gentlemen have been and are claiming this highly honourable position, and this is not to be wondered at, when it is kept in mind that whoever establishes his right thereto, establishes at the same time his right to the ancient honours of the House of Kintail. It has been already pointed out elsewhere that the original title of Lord Mackenzie of Kintail did not come under the attainder which followed on the part which Earl William took in the Rising of 1715, and it follows that the present Chief of the Mackenzies in virtue of that position, as heir male of the first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, is entitled to assume that title; and it therefore becomes a very important duty in a work like this, to make the question as clear as possible and finally dispose of it once and for all.

We have before us the claim and pedigree of a Captain Murdoch Mackenzie, "of London," who claimed "the titles, honours, and dignities of Earl of Seaforth and Baron Mackenzie of Kintail," in virtue of the claimant's pretended descent from the Honourable John Mackenzie of Assynt, second son of Kenneth, third Earl of Seaforth. According to this pedigree the Honourable John Mackenzie had a son, "Murdoch Mackenzie of Lochbroom, who, having shown a disposition of enterpris-

like his kinsman Earl William, left his native parish in 1729 or 1730, first for Aberdeen and afterwards for Northumberland, where, in consequence of the unsettled state of Scotland, he resided with his family." Murdoch had a son, John Mackenzie, "born in Beadnall, Parish of Bam-borough, County Northumberland in 1738, married Miss Isabella Davidson in 1762, and died in 1780, in his forty-second year." This John had a son, "Captain Murdoch Mackenzie, the claimant, born at Beadnall, County of Northumberland, 1763, married 1781, Miss Eleanor Brown, of the same place, and has issue. He commanded the ship, *Essex*, transport, 81, of London, during the late war (1815). Being desirous to see his clan in the North, in 1790 he visited the late Francis Lord Seaforth, who, in the true spirit of Scotch sincerity, hospitality, and nobility, received him with demonstrations of pleasure. After talking over family matters, his Lordship candidly said that Captain Murdoch ought to have been the peer in point of primogeniture." A short account of the family accompanies the pedigree, which concludes thus:—"In consequence of the death of the last peer it has been discovered in Scotland that the titles and family estates have devolved upon Captain Murdoch Mackenzie, of London. This gentleman is naturally anxious to establish his rights, but being unable to prosecute so important a claim without the aid of sufficient funds, he has been advised to solicit the aid of some individuals whose public spirit and liberal feelings may prompt them to assist him on the principle that such timely assistance and support will be gratefully and liberally rewarded. Captain Mackenzie hereby offers to give his bond for £300 (or more if required) for every £100 that may be lent him to prosecute his claim—the same to become due and payable within three months after he shall have recovered his title and estates." It will appear from the last clause that Captain Murdoch was a most cautious man. We have not learnt the result of this appeal, but Captain Murdoch Mackenzie certainly did not establish his claim either to the titles or to the estates of the last Lord Seaforth.

It is, however, placed beyond doubt by the evidence produced at the Allangrange Service in 1829, that Kenneth, not Murdoch, was the name of the eldest son of the Honourable John Mackenzie of Assynt, and there is no trace of his having had any other sons. By an original Precept issued by the Provost and Magistrates of Fortrose, dated 30th October 1716, the son of the late John Mackenzie of Assynt is described as "Kenneth Mackenzie, now of Assynt, grandchild and apparent heir to the deceased Isobell, Countess Dowager of Seaforth, his grandmother on the father's side." In the same document he is described as her "*nearest and lawful heir*." It will thus appear that Captain Murdoch Mackenzie's genealogy is incorrect at the very outset, and if further proof be wanted that the descendants of John Mackenzie of Assynt are extinct, it will be found in the fact that the succession to the representation and honours of the family of Seaforth devolved on the male issue of Colonel Alexander of Assynt and Conansbay—a younger son, and in the parole evidence given by very old people at the Allangrange Service.

The claim of Captain Murdoch Mackenzie having failed, we must go back another step in the chain to pick up the legitimate succession to the honours of Kintail, and here we are met by another claim, put forward

by the late Captain William Mackenzie of Gruinard, in the following letter :—

" 11 Margaret Street, Cavendish Square,

" London, 24th October 1829.

" My dear Allangrange,—Having observed in the *Courier* of the 21st inst., at a meeting at Tain, that you were proceeding with the Seaforth Claims, I take the earliest opportunity of communicating to you a circumstance which I am sure my agent, Mr Roy, would have informed you of sooner, did he know that you were proceeding in this affair; and which, I think probable, he has done ere this; but lest it might have escaped his notice, I deem it proper to acquaint you that on Mr Roy having discovered, by authenticated documents, that I was the lineal descendant of George, Earl of Seaforth, he authorised an English counsellor to make application to the Secretary of State to that effect, who made a reference to the Court of Exchequer in Scotland to examine the evidence—Mr Roy having satisfied them with having all which he required to establish my claim. I therefore am inclined to address you in order that you may be saved the trouble and expense attending this affair. Indeed, had I known you were taking any steps in this business, be assured I would have written to you sooner.

" I had not the pleasure of communicating with you since your marriage, upon which event I beg leave to congratulate you, and hope I shall soon have the pleasure of learning of your adding a member to the Clan Kenneth.—Believe me, my dear Mac, yours most sincerely,

" (Signed) WM. MACKENZIE.

" George F. Mackenzie of Allangrange,
by Munloch, Ross-shire."

The Gruinard claim is founded on a Genealogical Tree in possession of the representatives of the Family, by which John, first of Gruinard, is made out to be the son of George of Kildun, second son of George, second Earl of Seaforth. It is generally believed among the clan that the descendants of this George, who was the *second* George of Kildun, are long ago extinct; but whether this be so or not, it can be conclusively shown, by reference to dates, that John, first of Gruinard, could not possibly have been his son. And to the conclusive evidence of dates may fairly be added the testimony of all the Mackenzie MSS. which we have perused, and which make any reference to John of Gruinard. In every single instance where he is mentioned, he is described as a *natural* son of George second Earl of Seaforth. Before he succeeded Earl George was known as (first) George of Kildun, hence the confusion and the error in the Gruinard Genealogical Tree. The "Ancient" MS. so often referred to in this work, and the author of which must have been a contemporary of John, first of Gruinard, says, that Earl George "had also *ane naturall* son, called John Mackenzy, who married Loggie's daughter." The author of the Ardintoul MS., who was the grandson, as mentioned by himself, of Farquhar Macrae, Constable of Islandonain Castle in Earl Colin's time, and consequently almost, if not contemporary with John of Gruinard, describing the effects of the disastrous battle of Worcester, informs us that Earl George, who was then in Holland, was informed of the result of the battle "by John of Gruinard, *his natural son*, and Captain Hector Mac-

kenzie, who made their escape from the battle," and that the tidings "unraised his melancholy, and so died in the latter end of September 1651." The Letterfearn MS. is also contemporary, as the author of it speaks of Earl Kenneth as "*now* Earl of Seaforth," and of Kildun, in the *present* tense, while he speaks of his father in the past, and says, "He (Earl George) left *ane natural son*, who *is* called John, who *is* married with Loggie's daughter."

It may be objected, however probable it may appear that these MSS. are correct, that they are not authentic. We have before us, however, a certified copy of a sasine, dated 6th day of February 1658, from the Part. Reg. Sasines of Inverness, vol. 7, fol. 316, from which we quote as follows:—"Compearit personally John M'Kenzie *naturall* broyr to ane noble Erle Kenneth Erle of Seaforth Lord of Kintail, &c., as bailzie in that part," on behalf of "the noble Lady Dame Isabell M'Kenzie Countess of Seaforth, sister german to Sir George Mackenzie of Tarbet, Knight, future ladie to the said noble Erle." There is still another document having a most important bearing on this question, recently discovered in the office of the Sheriff Clerk of Tain. It is a discharge by Patrick Smith of Bracco to Lord Seafort and his Cautioner, John Mackenzie of Gruinard, dated and registered in the Commissar Books at Fortrose, on the 4th December 1668. In this document Patrick Smith states that "Kenneth, Earl of Seafort, Lord Kintail, as principal, and John Mackenzie of Gruinard, designit in the obligatione vnderwrytten his *naturall* brother as cautioner" by their band of 22 January 1656, band them to pay to him (the said Patrick), 6000 merks Scots, which band is registered in the Books of Council and Session, and ane decreet of the Lords thereof interponit thereto upon the 25 July 1665 by virtue of which he raisit letters of horning against them, and had the said John denuncit a rebel and at the horne, and thereupon obtained the gift of his escheit and life-rent; and that the said noble Earl, for relief of himself and his Cautioner, had made payment of the said 6000 merks, &c., for which said Patrick discharges them of the band, and resigns to the said John the gift of the escheit," the discharge being subscribed and registered, as already stated, at Fortrose, on the 4th December 1668, witnessed by Alex. Mackenzie "of Adross" († Ardross), and written by Alexander Davidson, "writer in Fortrose." Further, George of Kildun married, first, Mary Skene, daughter of Skene of Skene, in 1661, as will be seen by a charter to her of her jointure lands of Kincardine, &c. (see Part. Reg. Sas. Invs., vol. ix., fol. 9). He married, secondly, Margaret, daughter of Urquhart of Craighouse. It will at once occur to the reader how absolutely impossible it was that George of Kildun, who only married his first wife in 1661, could have had a son, John of Gruinard, who obtained a charter in his favour of the lands of Little Gruinard, &c., in 1669, and who is, in that charter, designated "of Meikle Gruinard," while John of Gruinard's *wife* has lands disposed to her in 1655, *i.e.*, six years before the marriage of his reputed father George of Kildun? Further, how could John of Gruinard's second son, Kenneth, have married, as he did, the widow of Kenneth "Og," fourth Earl, who died in 1701, if John, his father, had been the son by a second marriage of "George of Kildun," who married his first wife in 1661? This is absolutely conclusive.

Kenneth, third Earl of Seaforth, according to the Gruinard genealogy John of Gruinard's uncle, was born at Brahan Castle in 1635. He is described as "a child" in 1651 by a contemporary writer, who informs us that the Kintail people declined to rise with him in that year during his father's absence on the Continent, "because he was but a child, and his father, their master, was in life." Colin, first Earl of Seaforth, died in 1633, and, the author of the Ancient MS. informs us that "Earl George, being then the Laird of Kildun, married before his brother's death, the Lord Forbes's daughter." Thus, George of Kildun could not have been born before 1636 or 1637—and the date of his first marriage, twenty-four years later, tends to corroborate this. How then could he have a married son, John of Gruinard, whose *wife* obtained lands in 1655, i.e., when Kildun himself was only about 18 years of age, and when John, then designated of Gruinard, was, in 1656, old enough to be cautioner for Earl Kenneth? Proof of the same conclusive character could be adduced, to any extent, but, in the face of the authentic documents already quoted, it appears quite superfluous to do so.

John first of Gruinard could not possibly have been a son of the second George Mackenzie of Kildun. He was undoubtedly the *natural* son of the first George who succeeded his brother Colin, as second Earl of Seaforth, and it necessarily follows that the representatives of John of Gruinard have no claim whatever to the Chiefship of the Clan or to the ancient honours of the family of Kintail. But the claim having been made it was impossible, in a work like this, to pass it over, though we would have much preferred that the question had never been raised.

ALLA GRANGE LINE.

HAVING thus disposed of the Gruinard claim, and the legitimate representation of the later Peers in the male line having become extinct, to pick up the chain of the ancient House of Kintail, we must revert to Kenneth first Lord Mackenzie of Kiutail. It will be remembered that Kenneth had seven sons, three by the first and four by his second marriage, namely, by Anne Rees of Balnagowan, (1), Colin, his successor; (2), John of Lochlinn, who left an only daughter Margaret; and (3), Kenneth, who died unmarried. By his second wife, Isabel, daughter of Gilbert Ogilvie of Powrie, he had (4), Alexander, who died young; (5), George, who succeeded his brother Colin as second Earl of Seaforth, and whose line terminated in Lady Caroline; (6), Thomas of Pluscardine, whose male line is also extinct, and represented in the female line by Arthur Robertson now of Inshes, Inverness; and (7), Simon, after the death of his brother designated of Lochslinn, and whose representative has become and now is the male heir of the ancient family of Kintail, and Chief of the Clan Mackenzie.

SIMON MACKENZIE OF LOCHSLINN married, first, Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Peter Bruce, D.D., Principal of St Leonard's College, St Andrews, son of Bruce of Fingask, by Elizabeth, daughter of Alexander Wedderburn of Blackness. By her he had five sons and one daughter. The first son was the famous Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, Lord Advocate. His history is well known, and it would serve no good purpose to give a meagre account of him such as could be done in the space at our

disposal. He wrote various works of acknowledged literary merit, and his "Institutes" is yet considered a standard work by lawyers. He left an autobiography in MS., published in Edinburgh by his widow in 1716. The small estate of Rosehaugh, where his residence lay, was in his time profusely covered over with the shrub known as the Dog Rose, which suggested to the famous lawyer the idea of designating that property by the name of "Vallis Rosarum," hence Rosehaugh.

Sir George married, first, Elizabeth, daughter of John Dickson of Hartree, and by her had three sons—John, Simon, and George, all of whom died young, and two daughters—Agnes, who married James Stuart Mackenzie, first Earl of Bute,* and Elizabeth, who married, first, Sir Archibald Cockburn of Langton, with issue, and, secondly, the Honourable Sir James Mackenzie of Royston, Bart., with issue—George, who died without succession, and two daughters, married, with issue. Sir George married, secondly, Margaret, daughter of — Halliburton of Pitcur, by whom he had two sons and two daughters, all of whom died without issue except George, who succeeded his father as second of Rosehaugh, married, and had an only daughter who died without issue. It will thus be seen that the male line of Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh also became extinct.

SIMON MACKENZIE, second son of the Honourable Simon of Lochslinn, married Jane, daughter of Alexander Mackenzie, first of Ballone, brother to Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbat, and uncle to George, first Earl of Cromarty. The marriage contract is dated 1663. Simon died at Lochbroom in the following year, and left an only and posthumous son,

I. SIMON MACKENZIE, first of Allangrange, an advocate at the Scottish Bar. The property of Allangrange was acquired in the following way:—Alexander Mackenzie, first of Kilcoy, who was third son of Colin Cam, eleventh Baron of Kintail, had four sons, of whom the youngest, Roderick, obtained the lands of Kilmuir, in the Black Isle, and becoming a successful lawyer, Sheriff Depute and Member of Parliament, and was knighted by Charles II. Sir Roderick Mackenzie, then of Findon, acquired by the purchase of several properties, a very considerable estate, which, at his death in 1692, and on that of his only son the following year, were divided among his daughters, as heirs-portioners. The third of these daughters, Isobel, married (August 22, 1693) Simon Mackenzie, the Advocate, and brought him as her portion the Estate of ALLAN, formerly the property and residence of Seaforth, and which was thenceforth called by the name of Allangrange. By her he had issue (1), Roderick, who died before his father, unmarried; (2), George, who succeeded; (3), Kenneth; (4), William, a captain in the Dutch army, married, issue extinct; and (5), Simon, died in the West Indies, without issue.

Simon of Allangrange had also four daughters—Lilias, died unmarried; Elizabeth, married, in 1745, John Matheson of Fernaig; Eliza, married Ludovic, son of Roderick Mackenzie, fifth of Redcastle; and Isobel, married Murdo Cameron at Allangrange, with issue.

* For the Succession, see *Retours of James, Marquis of Bute, 1721.*

He married, secondly, on the 28th August 1718, Susanna Fraser, daughter of Colonel Alexander Fraser of Kinneries, known as the "Coroner"; male issue extinct. He was drowned in the river Orrin, returning from a visit to Fairburn, in February 1730, and was succeeded by his eldest surviving son,

II. GEORGE MACKENZIE, who, in May 1731, married Margaret, granddaughter* of Sir Donald Bayne of Tulloch. The male representation of the Baynes terminated in John, and his daughter, Margaret, carried the lineal descent of that old and respectable family into the house of Allangrange. The Baynes were not originally a Ross-shire family, but a branch of the Clan Mackay which settled in the vicinity of Dingwall in the sixteenth century. By Margaret Bayne George had issue, five sons, (1), Simon, who died young in 1731; (2), William, who became a Captain in the 25th Regiment, died unmarried, in 1764; (3), George, died young; (4), Alexander, died unmarried, in 1765; and (5), John, who succeeded his father. He also had several daughters, (1), Margaret, who married, as his second wife, Alexander Chisholm of Chisholm, and by him had issue, his successor, William Chisholm of Chisholm, who, in 1795, married Eliza, daughter of D. Macdonell of Glengarry, and by her had Alexander William Chisholm of Chisholm, M.P., who died, unmarried, in 1838; and Duncan Macdonell Chisholm, who succeeded his brother as Chisholm of Chisholm, and, in 1859, died unmarried; also Jemima Chisholm, who married Edmund Batten, with issue; (2), Isobel, who married, in 1767, Simon Mackenzie of Langwell, a Captain in the 4th Regiment, with issue. George had six other daughters, all of whom died young or unmarried. He died in 1733, and was succeeded by his eldest surviving son,

III. JOHN MACKENZIE, at an early age appointed Examiner of Customs in Edinburgh. He married, first, in 1781, Catherine Falconer, eldest daughter and co-heiress of James Falconer of Monkton, and granddaughter of the Right Honourable Lord Halkerton and the Honourable Jane Falconer. By the acquisition of this lady's fortune Allangrange was able to devote himself to agricultural pursuits, for which he had a strong predilection, and in which he was eminently successful. His wife died in 1790. By her he had issue, (1), George Falconer, who succeeded him; (2), Jane Falconer, who married John Gillanders of Highfield, with issue; and two other daughters, both named Margaret Bayne, who died young.

He married, secondly, Barbara, daughter of George Gillanders first of Highfield, relict of John Bowman, an East India merchant in London, without issue. He died in 1812, and was succeeded by his only son,

IV. GEORGE FALCONER MACKENZIE, who was, in 1829, served male heir to his ancestor, the Honourable Simon Mackenzie of Lochsinn, and heir male in general to Simon's father, Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, as also to Lord Kenneth's brother, Colin, first Earl of Seaforth.†

* See Marriage Contract, Allangrange Charter Chest.

† The following gentlemen composed the jury in the Allangrange Service:—Sir James Wemyss Mackenzie of Scotwell, Bart., M.P.; Sir Francis Alexander Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.; Colin Mackenzie of Kilcoy, advocate; William Mackenzie of Muirton, W.S.; Alexander Mackenzie of Millbank; Hugh Ross of Glastullich; Alexander Mackenzie of Woodside; Simon Mackenzie-Ross, younger of Aldie; Hugh James Cameron, banker, Dingwall; Alexander Gair, banker, Tain; John Mackenzie, David Ross, Hugh Lealie, William Fraser, and Donald Stewart, the last five, writers in Tain.

He matriculated his arms accordingly in the Public Register of the Lyon Office of Scotland, and on the 9th of January 1828, married Isabella Reid Fowler, daughter of James Fowler of Raddery and Fairburn, in the County of Ross, and Grange in Jamaica, and by her had issue, (1), John Falconer, who succeeded him; (2), James Fowler, now of Allangrange; (3), George Thomas, married Ethel Newman in London; (4), Sophia Catharine, died young; and (5), Anna Watson. He died in 1841, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

V. JOHN FALCONER MACKENZIE, who died, unmarried, in 1849, and was succeeded by his next brother,

VI. JAMES FOWLER MACKENZIE, now of Allangrange, Chief of the Mackenzies, and heir male to the dormant honours of the ancient family of Kintail and Seaforth. He is yet, 1879, unmarried.

The Honourable Simon Mackenzie of Lochslinn had three other sons by the first marriage—Thomas, first of Logie; John, first of Inchcoulter, or Balcony; and Colin, Clerk to the Privy Council and Commissioner in Edinburgh. Issue of all three extinct.*

THE OLD MACKENZIES OF DUNDONNELL.

THE Honourable Simon Mackenzie of Lochslinn, fourth son of Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, married, secondly, in 1650, Agnes, daughter of William Fraser of Culbokie, relict of Alexander Mackenzie of Ballone, brother of Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbat. Failing the line of Allangrange, all the male issue of the Honourable Simon Mackenzie by his first marriage will have become extinct, when the Chiefship must be looked for among the descendants of his second marriage with Agnes Fraser, as above.

By this marriage the Honourable Simon Mackenzie had issue, Kenneth Mor, who became first of Glenmarksie and Dundonnell, and two daughters. The eldest daughter, Isobel, married Murdoch Mackenzie, sixth of Fairburn, with issue; and the other, Elizabeth, married the Rev. Roderick Mackenzie, laird and minister of Avoch, grandson of Sir Roderick Mackenzie, Tutor of Kintail, with issue—John, second of Avoch, forfeited for having taken part in the Rising of 1715; several other sons, all of whom, except Roderick, predeceased their father, and four daughters; (1), Christian, married Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Scatwell; (2), Isobel, married Alexander Matheson of Bennetsfield; (3), Margaret, married John Macrae of Dornie; and (4), Anne who married the Rev. Lewis Grant.

I. KENNETH MOR MACKENZIE had the lands of Glenmarksie, and, in 1690, acquired the lands of Dundonnell from the Mackenzies of Redcastle. He afterwards acquired the lands of Meikle Scatwell, of which he had a Sasine, in 1693. He married Annabella, daughter of John Mackenzie first of Gruinard, by whom he had issue (1), Kenneth, his heir; (2), Alexander, of whom nothing can be traced; (3), Colin Riabhach of Ardinglash, who married Annabella, daughter of Simon Mackenzie of Logie, issue extinct; (4), Simon, of whom nothing is known; (5), Barbara, who married Alexander second of Ballone, with issue; (6), Sibella, who married John

* See Findon's Genealogical Tables and the Allangrange Service.

Mackenzie second of Ardloch, with issue; and (7), Annabella, who married James Mackenzie of Keppoch, in Lochbroom, brother of Ardloch, with issue. Kenneth Mor was succeeded by his eldest son,

II. KENNETH MACKENZIE, second of Dundonnell, who married Jean, daughter of the Chisholm of Chisholm, by whom he had (1), Kenneth, his heir; (2), Alexander, a Captain in the 73d Regiment, who died in 1783; and (3), John, who married Barbara, daughter of Mackenzie of Ardloch, with issue, several sons, who died young, and two daughters, one of whom married Alexander Mackenzie of Riabhachan, Kishorn, with issue. He was succeeded by his eldest son,

III. KENNETH MACKENZIE, who married, in 1737, Jean, daughter of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, first Baronet of Scatwell, by whom he had (1), George, his successor; (2), Kenneth, a W.S., died in 1790; (3), William, an Episcopalian Minister, with issue; (4), Roderick, with issue; (5), Alexander, a Captain in the army, who died in India, without issue; (6), Simon, a Captain, who married, and died in Nairn in 1812; and (7), Lewis, also a Captain, who died in India. A daughter, Janet, married, in Jamaica, Colin Mackenzie, brother to George Mackenzie of Kildonan, Lochbroom. She died in 1783. Another daughter, Isabella, died unmarried. Kenneth's wife died in 1786. He died in 1789, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

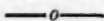
IV. GEORGE MACKENZIE, who married Abigail, daughter of Thomas Mackenzie, fifth of Ord, by whom he had (1), Alexander, who died young; (2), Kenneth, who succeeded his father; (3), Thomas, who succeeded his brother Kenneth; and (4), Jane, who married the Rev. Dr Ross, minister of Lochbroom, with issue. George was succeeded by his eldest surviving son,

V. KENNETH MACKENZIE, who, in 1817, married Isabella, daughter of Donald Roy of Preeton, without issue. He left the estates to his brother-in-law, Robert Roy, W.S., who lost it after a long and costly litigation with

VI. THOMAS MACKENZIE, second surviving son of George, fourth of Dundonnell, and next brother of Kenneth. The estate was ruined by law expenses, and had to be sold. It was purchased by Murdo Munro-Mackenzie of Ardross, grandfather to the present proprietor, Murdo Mackenzie of Dundonnell. (See Mackenzies of Ardross.)

Thomas Mackenzie, sixth and last of the old Mackenzies of Dundonnell, married Anne, eldest daughter of Alexander Mackenzie, sixth of Ord, and by her had issue—(1), George Alexander, born in Ceylon, 10th July 1818, and married Louisa, daughter of Captain Stewart, Ceylon Rifles, without issue; (2), Thomas, who went to California, and of whom no trace; (3), John Hope, now residing at Tarradale, Ross-shire, married, in Ceylon, Louisa, daughter of Captain Stewart, and relict of his deceased brother, George Alexander, without issue; (4), a daughter, Helen, married the Honourable Justice Charles Stewart, in Ceylon, without issue; and (5), Isabella, who resides in Elgin, unmarried.

OUR GAELIC BIBLE.



IV.

COULD THE HIGHLANDERS OF 1807 READ IT?

"THE late publication of the Bible, in Gaelic, in a portable form, and at a very moderate price, and which those who cannot afford to purchase, may procure for nothing, has led many to inquire if the natives of the Highlands and Islands are very generally capable of making use of it." Such was the opening sentence of the first circular letter issued, on 27th December 1810, by the committee of the promoters of the Gaelic School Society. Before proceeding further with our history of the Gaelic Bible, and of the process of change and growth, so to speak, by which it reached its present form, it will be well to turn aside for a moment, and repeat the same inquiry. As we saw last month, no fewer than 40,000 copies of the Gaelic Scriptures were printed in 1807 for the use of the Scottish Gael; 20,000 by the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge, who, with much labour and expense, had prepared the translation; and 20,000 by the British and Foreign Bible Society in London, who, as regards the cares and expense of translation, may almost be said to have entered into the labours of the sister Society.

But to what extent could it be said that the people for whose use this good work had been executed were sufficiently educated, especially in the reading of Gaelic, to profit by the inestimable boon?

Our search for the materials of an accurate reply to that question has been productive of more than the needful information. It has brought to our knowledge a vast mass of material, illustrative of the educational condition of the Highlands from 1600 down to the early years of the present century, on which we offer no apology for making much larger drafts than a bare answer to the question just asked would either require or permit. Indeed it may be well to state at once that this paper deals but remotely with the "Gaelic Bible," and mainly concerns itself with the general subject of

EARLY EDUCATION IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Before the Reformation it does not appear that in Scotland the education of the common people was ever, in any sense, a matter of State concern. But from early times the importance to the nation of an educated ruling class did not escape recognition. Thus it happened that as early as 1496 it was enacted that all barons and freeholders, under a penalty of £20, should put their eldest sons to school till they were competently grounded in Latin, after which they were obliged to study law for three years.

The General Assembly of 1597 gave to the state of the Highlands and Islands an amount of enlightened consideration from which great results might have been expected, were it not for the miserable embroglio of folly and wrongdoing with which James VI. compensated his native land for his corporeal absence in England. The condition of Scotland during the reign of this priggish, pig-headed monarch was truly deplorable. The hereditary feuds to which he found it a prey at the commence-

ment of his reign were unspeakably aggravated and embittered by his absurdly pedantic and truculent misgovernment. Unblushing greed, untamed ferocity, fiendish revenge, all licensed and protected at the cheap expense of unlimited flattery, filled the land with misrule and oppression; while ever and anon the people were startled with some new caprice, some wild fantastic antic, of the King's paradoxical vanity and wrong-headedness—the personal rule run mad—at whose grotesqueness we might well laugh, were not its meanness, or its cool remorseless cruelty, more likely to make us blush for shame or burn with indignation. The flood of ecclesiastical pitch, emptied on the bosom of his mother-land, from “the fountain of honour” by this “defender of the Faith,” we forbear to touch. For at its best it was very unsavoury, and it is still hot enough to burn unwary fingers. That burn over Scotland's heart is not yet sufficiently healed to admit of the crust being removed, and the red scar mollified with ointment.

In times more recent than the seventeenth century, ecclesiastical confusion necessarily implied educational disorganisation. But the civil and social state of the Highlands in the reign of James VI., even if there existed no ecclesiastical hindrances, made the education of the people practically impossible. The merest glance at the history of the times yields ample proof that it was so. Think, for example, of the king's wild scheme for civilising the Western Isles by an invasion of Fifeshire farmers and fishermen, who, not so much by arms as by fomenting the basest treachery in families, and instigating to fraticide and murder, were to drive out the islanders and their chiefs as they would, to use his own words, “so many wolves and wild boares.” Think of the later expedition in his name by Lumsden of Airdrie and Hay of Nethercliff, by means of the like treachery and bloodshed, to “colonise” the Lews. Or look at that edifying spectacle: the Catholic Earl of Huntly higgling with the king, whether for ten thousand pounds Scots, the price demanded by the royal and saintly bloodseller, or for four hundred, he could buy the privilege of letting loose the claymores of Badenoch to convert to the true Protestant faith “the barbarians” of Uist, Harris, Barra, and Benbecula. Or turn to the cruel feuds of the Colquhouns and the Campbells with the Macgregors, and the treacherous murder of the Macgregor Chief in cold blood, and by prostituted forms of law, with seven of his lieutenants, soon to be followed by the wholesale slaughter of his clan. Or take that outrageous episode in the Synod of Perth, when the infuriated Lord of Scone, as the King's Commissioner to the Synod, “roaring, gesticulating, protesting, and blaspheming” over the praying moderator, upset in his rage the table around which the worshippers were kneeling, and covered their persons and stifled their devotions with the green cloth from the overturned table. Or, in fine, weigh the significance of such daily occurrences as the banishment of the godly Robert Bruce to Inverness, and the public-spirited bailie, William Rigg, to some outlandish place in Caithness, just as the pious head of the Holy Eastern Church, who is also Emperor of Russia, would bundle off a brace of obnoxious subjects to Siberia. What conceivable scheme of popular education could be originated or carried out in such a state of national confusion?

And yet to that period we owe the formal enactment of the scheme of

national education which has been well called the crown of Scotland's glory. A school in every parish was the cherished idea of John Knox. But it remained for the Privy Council of James VI. to embody that grand idea in an Act. This was done in 1616. For more than a hundred years, however, the Act was in the Highlands at least a dead letter. It proceeds on the following narrative:—"For samikle as the King's Majestie, having a special care and regard, that the true religion be advanced and established in all partis of this Kingdom, and that all his Majestie's subjects, especially the youth, be exercised and trayned in civilitie, godliness, knowledge, and learning; and that the vulgar Ingleshe toung be universallie planted, and the Irishe language, which is one of the chieff and principall causes of the continuance of barbaritie and incivilitie, among the inhabitants of the Isles and Heylandis, may be abolished and removit. And whereas there is no means more powerful to further this his Majestie's princelie regard and purpose, than the establishing of schools in the particular paroches of this Kingdom, whair the youth may be taught at the least to write and reid, and be catechised and instructed in the grounds of religion. Therefore the King's Majestie, with advise of the Lords of his Secret Council, has thought it necessar and expedient that, in every paroch of this Kingdom, quhair convenient means may be had for intertayning a scoole, a scoole sall be established." Afterwards confirmed and modified by Parliament in 1633, 1646, and 1696, this enactment, after the days of James, was attended with most beneficial effects in many parts of the Kingdom. But in the Highlands and Islands, as we have seen, it long remained a dead letter. The clause last quoted of the Act, it will be observed, is so expressed as practically to anticipate our modern invention of a "permissive bill." The Act was to come into force only "quhair convenient means may be had for intertayning a scoole." And its avowed intention to supplant at once the language of the Highland people and their ancient religion, must have arrayed against it their strongest prejudices, even where the excuse of their poverty could not be pleaded. In point of fact, the poverty of the Highlands in these times is undoubted. Not only was money scarce, but famines and actual starvation were of common occurrence. And thus the number of parishes, "quhair convenient means" could not be found "for intertayning a scoole" must have been great. To obviate this undoubted difficulty some weak attempts were made to nibble timidly at the fringe of the rich embroidered pall which the barons and landowners had snatched from the coffin of the ancient Roman Church, and, rending it roughly asunder, had parted between them for their own adornment. Thus, in 1690, one year after the Revolution, vacant stipends within the Synod of Argyle were ordained to be applied, "with the consent of the heritors, for training young men at schools and colleges, as a necessary means for planting and propagating the gospel, and for introducing civility and good order into that country." In furtherance of the same end William III. gave to the same Synod, in 1696, a grant of the rents of the Bishopric of Argyle. In the same year the king gave also a grant of £150 a year out of the rents of the Bishoprick of Dunkeld, for erecting schools and schoolmasters' houses, and for the better endowment of schoolmasters "in the Highlands of the shires of Perth, Stirling, and

Dumbarton." But in the three cases the proverbial "slips 'twixt cup and lip" intervened as usual between the schoolmaster and the king's beneficent purpose, which somehow "was in great measure defeated."* In the same year the king erected a school in Maryburgh, now Fort-William, with a salary of £30 sterling; but in a few years the salary was withdrawn and the school was given up.

Such was the unhappy state of education in the Highlands when, in 1701, a few private gentlemen in Edinburgh, "who usually met as an association for the reformation of manners," agreed to use their endeavours to remedy these evils, and in the endeavour formed the first modest beginning of that great Society whose name occurs so often in these papers. The first experience of these gentlemen showed how great were the difficulties, and how powerful the prejudices, which they essayed to combat. The requisite funds were readily provided by voluntary subscription. But they soon found that a force more powerful than poverty was at work to keep the School Act of 1616 a dead letter in the Highlands. This is the short history of the Society's first school:—"Part of the money was applied towards the erection of a school in the parish of Abertarph, in Inverness-shire, being the centre of a country where ignorance and Popery did greatly abound; but the schoolmaster met with such discouragements from the inhabitants that, after a trial of a year and a-half, it was found necessary to suppress the school."† "Not disheartened," however, "by so inauspicious an event, the original contrivers of this design extended their views to the plantation of schools in other parts of the Highlands." "They published a memorial (1703) setting forth the disorders in those countries, and proposing various methods for redressing them, chiefly by promoting religion and virtue; they likewise pointed out how funds might be raised for those ends from vacant stipends, a general collection, and private subscriptions and mortifications. Copies of this memorial were dispersed among the members of the Scottish Parliament, and the draught of a bill for rendering effectual the scheme therein suggested, was prepared, but never passed into an Act."‡

While thus it was evident that the Scottish Parliament would hear of nothing that implied the disgorging of ever so small a portion of the ill-gotten spoils of its members, it is gratifying to observe that the General Assembly very heartily took up the matter. In 1704 an Act of Assembly was passed, "recommending a contribution" for the purposes above-mentioned. In 1706 the Commission of Assembly was instructed to "inquire how the Highlands and Islands were provided with schools, what places did most need them, and what encouragement might be expected by those who were inclined to form a Society for maintaining charity schools in those countries;" and, in 1707, the Assembly "appointed a select committee to consider this matter, who, after several conferences" with the promoters of the scheme, "published proposals for propagating Christian knowledge in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, and in foreign parts of the world." The result was eminently

* An Account of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, p. 3. Edinburgh 1774.

† An Account, &c., p. 4.

‡ Ibid.

satisfactory. From the old endowments of the Church, now firmly clutched by the nobles and landowners, not a shilling could, of course, be obtained. But "Her Majesty Queen Anne was graciously pleased to encourage the design by her royal proclamation" (1708); and, in 1709, on the funds from church collections and voluntary subscriptions exceeding the goodly amount, for the times, of £1000 sterling, she granted letters-patent, under the great seal of Scotland, for erecting certain of the subscribers into a corporation.

Thus was founded the great religious and educational charity, the first of all our countless similar societies in Scotland, whose name, in addition to many other inestimable blessings to the Highlands, will ever be honourably associated with the translation of the Holy Scriptures into the tongue of the Scottish Gael. In 1711, their capital now amounting to £3700, the directors of the Society settled a school in the lone isle of St Kilda, with a salary of 300 merks (£16 13s 4d). In the same year they resolved to erect "eleven itinerant schools, which, in order to be more extensively useful, should be stationed by turns in the places following:—One in Abertarph; two in the Highlands of Aberdeenshire, in and about the Braes of Mar, on the heads of the rivers Don and Dee; a fourth in the bounds of the Presbytery of Sutherland; a fifth in the parishes of Duirness and Farr, in the Presbytery of Caithness; a sixth in the Presbytery of Skye; a seventh in some part of the Duke of Athole's Highlands, which should be specified by his Grace; the eighth in the parish of Glenelg; the ninth in the south isles and continent of Orkney; the tenth in the north isles thereof; and the eleventh in the isles and continent of Zetland."* The schoolmasters of the eight schools first named were to have each a salary of 300 merks and the other three of only 150 merks "until the Society's stock should be increased." The teachers were to remain for at least two years in the same station, and their circulation in their several districts was to be determined, "on proper information," by a committee of the Society. This committee was also empowered to provide school buildings, to appoint teachers, and furnish "a sufficient number of Bibles, New Testaments, Proverbs, Catechisms, &c.," for the schools. In 1712, five of these eleven schools were already in operation; next year there were twelve schools; and two years later twenty-five.

In 1717 the Society represented to the General Assembly that "in many places where the Society's schools are settled, there are no parochial schools, as provided by law, by which means it so happens, that the Society's schools serve only to ease the heritors and parishioners of the burden imposed on them by statute." The General Assembly of the same year "remitted the said matter to a committee," on whose report, in 1719, the Assembly passed an act "*recommending* to the several Presbyteries and Synods to carry into execution the powers vested in them by the Acts of Parliament in that case made and provided." In the same year the Assembly gave the Society £742 9s 7½d, and also renewed former recommendations in favour of its benevolent and patriotic objects. At this time the Society's capital had grown to £8168, and the number

* Society's minutes.

of schools, from 25 three years before to 48. The year 1825 witnessed the beginning of what has ever since been known as the Royal Bounty, in a donation to the General Assembly by King George I. of £1000, to be employed for the "reformation of the Highlands and Islands and other places where Popery and ignorance abound."

Balked in their design to procure an endowment for schools out of the secularised wealth of the disendowed and disestablished Roman Church, the friends of education in Scotland were now looking for money in another direction. They claimed a share of the forfeited estates of decapitated or fugitive Jacobites. In this movement the Society took an eager interest. Its minutes teem with resolutions, reports, and voluminous memorials on the subject. When the Act I, George I., cap. 54, was passed "for the more effectual securing of the peace in the Highlands of Scotland," the Society was at great pains in furnishing His Majesty's Commissioners with all needful information for their report. That report stated that 151 schools, exclusive of those already established, were absolutely necessary in the Highlands. Through information furnished by the Society the Commissioners were enabled to embody in their report a minute specification of the circumstances, and a "geographical description" of each of these 151 stations, where schools were most urgently needed. The amount required for the support of these schools was stated at £3000 per annum. Following on this report came the Act 4, Geo. I., cap. 8, which provides that out of the monies arising from the sale or rents of the forfeited estates, a capital stock of £20,000 be appropriated "towards erecting and maintaining schools in the Highlands of Scotland."

To secure the proper application of the money thus appropriated by Parliament, the Society used its utmost efforts and influence. It made repeated applications to the members of both Houses of Parliament for an Act directing the manner in which the £20,000 should be applied to the purposes to which it had been appropriated, and they even approached His Majesty by petition on the subject. But the result was only another experience of the difficulty of securing the application of "forfeited" funds to any useful public purpose. This was to the Society a great disappointment and sore discouragement, which was shown by withdrawing all its schools on or near the forfeited estates. But instead of despairing, it only set itself more earnestly than ever to its pious and patriotic work. From 48 schools and a capital of £8168 in 1719, its progress in 1728 had reached 78 schools, with 2757 scholars, though its capital was still not more than £9131 15s 9d. In 1733 the Society had 111 schools, and a capital of £14,694. In 1738, with the view of "curing that habit of idleness too prevalent in the Highlands," the Society obtained its "second patent," whereby it was empowered to instruct poor children "in husbandry, trades, and manufactures." This new enterprise resulted in a few salaried smiths, carpenters, millers, shoemakers, and other mechanics, being sent down to different parts of the Highlands;* but the scheme

* There were schools for (1), agriculture in Callander; (2), flax-dressing, weaving, spinning, &c., at Portsoy; (3), for linen manufacture at Logierait; (4), agriculture and gardening at Craig, near Montrose; (5), a blacksmith, shoemaker, cartwright, and ploughman at Lechcarron, in conjunction with the Board of Fisheries and

speedily fell through, and survives only in the form of schools for sewing and knitting. March 8, 1739, is memorable for a minute to the effect that Alexander Macdonall, one of the Society's schoolmasters (Mac Mheighistir Alasdair), by recommendation of the Presbytery of Lorn, had composed a Gaelic and English vocabulary, printed for the use of the schools; the first schoolbook, so far as we can learn, that ever was printed in Scotch Gaelic. In 1748, the schools were 140, and the capital, by careful management, had grown to £22,237. In the same year it is recorded that Joseph Damer, Esq., an Irish gentleman, besides a donation to the funds of the Society, was at the expense of translating and printing 1000 copies of Baxter's Call in Gaelic. In 1753 the schools were 152, and the stock £24,308. In 1758 the Mother's Catechism was translated into Gaelic, and published by the Society for use in its schools. In the same year it is recorded that the Society, "finding that all endeavours used by them for having parochial schools settled in every parish, had hitherto proved ineffectual, and that no fewer than 175 parishes, within the bounds of 39 Presbyteries, where the Society's schools were erected, have no parochial schools, represented this matter to the General Assembly; who, having taken the same into consideration, made an act, *appointing* the several Presbyteries to inquire, whether or not a parochial school is established in every parish in their bounds, and where such schools are wanting, to make application to the Commissioners of Supply, in terms of law; and also *appointing the Procurator and Agent of the Church, at the public charge, to carry on all processes necessary for that purpose.*" The peremptory character of this act is in marked contrast to the mere "recommendation" of that of 1719.

Thus, by the labour of the schoolmaster, who in most cases was also the Christian missionary, was the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge preparing the untutored Highland people of these rude, unsettled times to enter with intelligence on the heritage of God's Word in their native tongue, the history of whose preparation has occupied us in the three previous papers of this series. How far the education thus imparted was really effectual in fitting the Highlander to read the Gaelic Bible, which, in 1807, was placed freely at his disposal, is an inquiry which must still be postponed to a future paper.

While correcting the proof of this paper I cannot help being struck with the great extent of quoted matter which it contains. And yet this quoted matter has cost me much more labour than that which is original. But where the page is most speckled with the inverted commas of quotation it is hoped that the thoughtful reader will not find the least of real historic interest. At all events the quotations are the fruit of a search whose labour has to the searcher not been devoid of pleasure. For not a little of this pleasure he desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to Mr James Grant of the Historical Department of the General Register House, the learned author of the History of the Burgh Schools, and Mr Donald Macpherson of the Advocates' Library.

Manufactures; and (6), a smith and a gardener at Glenmeriston. A legacy for the purposes named in this second patent was applied partly in "buying wheels and reels, to be distributed in different places, and partly in putting out promising lads" from the Society's schools as apprentices to tradesmen and manufacturers. In this way "many young women have been taught to spin, and many young men have been instructed in various branches of trade and manufacture."

Will the readers of the *Celtic Magazine* allow me to submit to them a practical suggestion, which I think of some importance? Why should not the work of which this episode in our history of the Gaelic Bible is but a hasty and accidental specimen be gone about in a deliberate and systematic way? My somewhat promiscuous search for the materials of this paper has led me into vast quarries of precious historical matter, which a fire, such as raged the other day among the oldest records of the student life of our University, may any day put for ever beyond our reach?

Let us then have some sort of new SPALDING CLUB to look after these records of the past, which are fast mouldering to decay. They are not dead though buried: they are dumb only because the dust and rubbish of years sit heavily on their lips: clear this away and their mouth will discourse wonderful things of the bygone days and ways of our people.

DONALD MASSON, M.A., M.D.

IAN MACTAVISH.

NESTLING in a beautiful and secluded glen, sheltered by the surrounding hills, near the picturesque Loch Riven in Strathnairn, might be seen, during the latter part of the seventeenth century, a small, yet comfortable homestead. The exceptional tidiness of the outhouses, the cleanliness of the cottage, and the evident attention bestowed upon the garden, plainly indicated that its occupant was a man of very different habits and temperament to the great majority of his fellow countrymen of that period. In fact, Ian Roy Mactavish was a man far in advance of his age in his ideas of political economy, though doubtless he was innocent of the meaning of the term. While the rest of the clan were thinking of nothing but fighting and destroying, preferring to raid into other territories for their supplies of cattle and forage, leaving their own land untilled and unproductive, Ian chose this, the most secluded and fertile spot he could find, built his cottage, planted his garden, sowed his crops, and brought home his young wife, Jessie, desiring to live at peace with all men. Little more than a year had elapsed in the most perfect happiness and security, when the summit of Ian's felicity was reached by becoming the proud father of a fine healthy boy. His wife was attended to on the auspicious occasion, by an elderly woman, Janet Macdougall, a noted character in the district, her fame having spread far and wide, as a successful midwife, or "howdie." Having also an extensive knowledge of the medicinal properties of herbs, combined with great experience and shrewdness, she was universally applied to in cases of accident or illness—such a personage as a doctor being then unknown in the Highlands. Janet was a remarkable-looking woman, a tall spare figure, slightly bowed with advancing years, a pale, grave face, in which care and sorrow had drawn many a wrinkle, expressive

black eyes, fearless and bright when work was to be done, but which, in moments of repose, wore a sad, far-away, and eerie look. No one knew her age, and few her history, which, though humble, had been tragic. She was once a happy wife and mother, but her husband had fallen, claymore in hand, and face to the foe; her dwelling was burnt over her head, and herself and children were turned adrift helpless and alone on an unsympathetic world. By the time when she came to Strathnairn she was childless as well as widowed, and she ever after remained the same lonely woman, devoting her time and attention to the physical wants of those around her, in the capacity of midwife and general physician for the district. She was treated with considerable respect, combined with no little amount of awe, for she was popularly believed to be a Saibhscar, or gifted with second-sight, and many were the wonderful tales related of her visions and their strange fulfilment.

It was the afternoon of a fine autumn day, the parting rays of the declining sun illumined and beautified the scene, and played on the wavelets of the loch, till the water looked like molten gold, shining on the heather-clad hills, till they appeared crowned with a halo of many-coloured glory. Ian was engaged tending his cows, quietly grazing by the side of the loch, and chewing the cud with that air of placid contentment so characteristic of these docile animals when well cared for. Mactavish being an industrious man was enjoying himself and utilising his time fishing, as well as tending his cattle, which he could easily do with the valuable assistance of his faithful and well trained collie. As he angled in the loch or glanced at his herd, he felt supremely happy, free from any anxiety about his beloved wife, now so far convalescent, that Janet was leaving them that same day. He mused with pleasure on the thought of his infant son, how he would train him up with the same ideas as his own, that he might prove a blessing to him in his old age. These agreeable meditations were suddenly interrupted by old Janet, who had left the cottage and came to bid him farewell. While thanking her for her kind attention to his wife, he was struck with astonishment at the change that came suddenly over her countenance. She stood and looked earnestly in his face, her grey head bent forward, with a pair of staring eyes, which appeared to look through and beyond him, as it were, while her face became deadly white and drawn up as if with pain. For a moment or two she stood thus; then, with a low moan, she removed her fixed gaze, and trembling violently, sat down on the grass, moaning and lamenting, "Ochan! ochan! sad and sorry am I to see such a sight, and the poor young creature with the dear babe, what will she do, alas, alas." Ian was quite unable to comprehend what ailed her, and begged her to explain what was the matter. This Janet appeared most unwilling at first to do, continuing to lament to herself in half-broken sentences of which Mactavish could make no sense. When she became more composed she asked him if he had an enemy, from whom he had any reason to dread violence. He assured her that, to the best of his knowledge, he had no personal enemy, at the same time asking an explanation of her strange behaviour. Being so urgently pressed, she told him that she feared his life would not be a long one, for that she had a vision concerning him, and "Oh," she continued, while her voice trembled, "Oh, Mactavish,

it will not be long before you are called, for I saw the death shroud covering you up to your head, and ochan! ochan! there was a big rent in it too, which showed that it will be a violent death you will come to. Indeed, I am extremely sorry for you and your poor young wife, but it's too true, too true."

Mactavish was naturally startled and somewhat unnerved at this dreadful communication, but being by no means so superstitious as most of his countrymen, he soon rallied, and attempted to treat the matter lightly. Janet, however, was not to be shaken in her belief, and, getting annoyed at his incredulity, took leave of him and went on her way.

Mactavish resumed his sport, and tried hard to drive the ill-omened prediction from his mind. The day waned, and the shades of evening began to gather, throwing the valley into shadow, and making the hills, now dark and dull, stand out in bold relief against the grey sky. Ian had just succeeded in hooking a fine large fish, when a low growl from his faithful collie caused him to look hastily around to discover the cause of the dog's uneasiness. To his surprise and annoyance he observed a large party of armed Highlanders approaching, driving before them a great number of black cattle, whom he rightly conjectured were some of the aliens, who then held possession of the upper part of Stratherrick, returning from a successful foray. He felt vexed that they should have discovered his retreat, but he apprehended no danger until he saw two or three of the men detaching themselves from the rest, and beginning to drive his own small herd away to swell their creach from the Southron. In vain he ran and shouted, asking them to desist. It was by their captain's orders, they said, so with hurried footsteps, his heart beating with dread and burning with indignation, Ian approached the leader, and demanded the restoration of his cattle. "Why," he exclaimed, "why should you harry me; I am no enemy of yours, and have never injured any of you?"

"You are no friend of ours, and consequently good and fair game," answered the alien chief, a tall fierce-looking man, whose daring and adroitness in planning and executing raids, had made his name well-known and detested.

"But," pleaded Mactavish, "my few cows can make but little difference to you. You have already such a large booty, and these are all I have, restore them and leave me in peace; perhaps I may be able to do you as good a turn another day."

"Stop your talking and stand out of my way, fellow, or it will be worse for you," roughly answered the leader, at the same time pushing Mactavish aside.

"Well then," persisted Ian in despairing tones, "at least leave me one cow for the sake of my family, only one."

"No," roared the alien in a terrible voice, "not one, and if you hinder me any longer I'll burn your house over your head, and scatter the ashes to the four winds of heaven, and you and your family can dwell with the wild fox, where you'll have no need of a cow; take that, and hold your tongue," and, suiting the action to the word, he finished this brutal speech by giving Ian a back-handed blow in the face as he moved forward to pass him.

Such an insult was not to be tamely submitted to, and with an inarticulate cry of rage Mactavish darted forward, and, forgetting all prudence, struck madly at the chief with his fishing hook, which he still held in his hand. Before the blow could fall, however, one of the party interposed, and with the ever ready dirk, stabbed Mactavish in the side.

With a deep groan poor Ian sank on the purple heather, and without halting to see if the wound was fatal, or even to draw the dirk out of it, the aliens hurried on, grudging the time they had already spent over what they considered but a very small affair.

"Alas!" moaned poor Ian, as he lay helplessly on the ground, his life-blood crimsoning the fragrant heather, till it seemed to blush for the foul deed, and call aloud for vengeance against the cruel murderer, "alas, old Janet spoke the truth, though little did I think her vision would so soon come to pass. Woe is me, must I die here like a wild beast, with no friendly hand to close my eyes or to wipe the dews of death from my brow. My forefathers fought against the Keppochs, and fell gloriously on the fields of Mavil Roy and Inverlair, but I shall die like the goat on the hill top, and my flesh shall become the prey of the wild cats and the eagles. My poor wife, my beloved Jessie, who will tell you of your husband's death, who will speak words of comfort to the widow? Must I never see you more! never more see my darling boy! My treasures of love and hope, how can I die without seeing you once more! Oh, mo ghaoil, mo ghaoil, what have I done that I should be torn from your side, and crushed like an adder under the foot of the stranger? Cursed be the hand that struck me, may his arm wither and—no, I will not curse, I leave vengeance to a Higher Power, it may be that my son will yet avenge the murder of his father."

Here the attention of Mactavish was claimed by his faithful collie, who had followed the cows for some distance, in the vain hope of turning them back, and now exhibited the utmost distress at seeing his master in such a sad condition, licking his hands and face, and whining and howling in the most dismal manner.

The sight of the dog roused in the dying man's breast such a longing once more to reach his home and see its beloved inmates, that with an energy born of despair, he rose to his knees, and with one arm resting round the dog's neck, attempted to crawl towards his cottage.

His young wife was waiting and watching for his return, the usual time of his coming arrived, but no Ian; an hour passed; Jessie wondered what was keeping him, perhaps she thought one of the cows had strayed, he would sure to be home soon now; so she mended the fire and sat nursing her baby, looking at him and discovering new charms, with the absorbed attention and concentrated love of a young mother for her first born; another hour passed; she began to get more anxious; and laying the child down, she went to the door and looked in every direction, but no sign could she see of husband, cows, or dog. Perplexed and alarmed she knew not what to do, or what to dread from this strange occurrence. There was no one to advise her or to console with her.

In fear and anxiety she wandered aimlessly through the house, or stood at the door watching in vain for the beloved form that would never more hasten to meet her. With troubled voice broken with sobs, she

called aloud again and again her husband's name. In vain ; in vain ! The night wind carried the sound away, and the cold pale moon looked calmly down, as if in mockery of her passionate grief. The feeble cries of her infant recalled her to the fireside, where she continued her weary vigil until midnight, when, hark ! what was that ? a scratching at the door ! the pitiful whine of a dog ! Quickly she opens the door, and calls the dog by name ; he bounds in, barks furiously, and catching hold of her dress, attempts to draw her back again towards the door. She stoops to pat him, his shaggy coat is covered with dew, but it is not dew that leaves those dark footprints on the floor ; and what mark is this that he leaves on her hand as he licks it ? Ah ! horror ! it is blood ! gracious heavens ! what has happened ? Overpowered with emotion she sinks into a chair, but the horror of the night is not yet passed, her cup of misery is not yet filled. The dog runs again to the door ; with the dull, stony look of despair, she sees him re-enter, but who or what is it that accompanies him ? A ghastly object, crawling slowly and painfully on hands and knees, bedabbled with blood, with dishevelled hair hanging over the deathly face ; can this be her Ian ? the stalwart, cheery man she parted with a few hours back. Spell-bound with terror she stands motionless, while slowly, painfully, the figure draws nearer her, with sad, sorrowful eyes, over which the film of death is rapidly drawing, it gazes on her, and essays to speak, but no sound comes from the parched lips. With a great effort it seizes her hand in its cold clammy palm, and at the touch the spell is broken. Jessie realizes that this is indeed her husband, and with a terrible cry falls senseless to the ground.

Day was dawning before Jessie recovered from her swoon, and oh ! what a terrible awakening it was. As she slowly opened her eyes the first object that met her gaze was the staring eyes of a corpse, and as consciousness returned, she found her hand clasped by the cold stiff fingers of her murdered husband.

When she collected her scattered senses, so rudely shaken by this awful event, and began to realize her great loss, she gave way to the most extravagant grief, wringing her hands, tearing her hair, and beating her breast, while uttering the most piercing cries, at one time apostrophising her beloved one with every endearing term, while she bathed his cold face with torrents of tears. Anon, with dry eyes and outstretched hand, she would call down curses on the head of the perpetrator of the cruel deed, and cry aloud for vengeance ; then again she would melt into lamentations. "Oh Ian ! my love ! my love ! will you never speak to me more, shall I never again see the love-light in your eye, or feel the warm pressure of your lips, never, never, your eyes are fixed and your lips are cold in death, and I am alive to see it ; oh ! would that I were dead, how shall I live without you ? my husband, my first and only love."

The wailing cries of the neglected infant now recalled her attention to it. "Cry on, poor babe," she exclaimed, "you little know the loss you have sustained, never will you feel the watchful love and care of a father. Ochan ! ochan ! I will cherish you that you may live to revenge his untimely death ; see this dirk I draw from the gaping wound, see it covered with the life-blood of your father, may you live my child, and one day sheath it in the black heart of his murderer."

As she became calmer she began to think what was best for her to do. There was no dwelling within several miles, and besides, being in perfect ignorance from whom, or for what cause, her husband had met his death, she was afraid to go to strangers for help; at last she concluded to go to her father's house, where she would be sure of assistance.

Having, with many tears and choking sobs, performed the last sad duties to the dead, she left the faithful dog in charge of his beloved master, and taking her infant in her arms, set out on her long and lonely journey.

Wearily she plodded on, weak from her recent illness, and, borne down with grief, she felt at times as though she must give up the attempt, and lie down and die, but then the thought of her dead husband lying in the desolate cottage would nerve her to make still another effort to obtain assistance, and have his remains, properly interred. At length she reached her father's house, and told her sad tale, which was listened to with the greatest horror of the deed, and sympathy for herself. Her father and some friends at once started to fetch the body of poor Mac-tavish, and a sad, sad, sight it was for the young widow to see the funeral cortege return. First came, with solemn tread, the piper, the mournful wailing notes of the lament announcing the approach of the funeral party long before they came in sight; then came four strong young men bearing on their broad shoulders the mortal remains of their murdered friend. Behind followed Jessie's father and a large party of friends and relatives, all armed with dirk and broadsword, for in those wild, unsettled times they were never sure but they might be interrupted, even on such a melancholy and peaceful errand as they were now engaged in.

The broken-hearted Jessie could not bear the idea of returning to her cottage, where every object would constantly remind her of her bereavement. She therefore decided to remain with her father, and after the furniture and plenishing had been removed, the cottage, which had been built and furnished with such loving care, and bright hopes of happy years to be spent in it, was left to ruin and decay, a striking monument of the uncertainty of man's life and enjoyment.

Jessie called her boy Ian, after his father, and when he grew old enough to understand her, she would talk to him by the hour together, of his dead father, praising his virtues and deploring his untimely end. This sort of conversation made a great impression upon the child's mind, ending, as it usually did, by the dirk being shown to him encrusted with the blood of his father.

Thus, his mother fired his imagination, and incited his young mind to thoughts of revenge and retaliation. The dirk being the only clue they had to the murderer, she gave it to young Ian when he was old enough to wear it, and told him to always have it ready until he should find the man, and sheath it in his heart. As he grew up, and his disposition and temper became more developed, it was seen that he was in temperament the very opposite to his father. Bold and courageous, he rather courted than shrunk from danger. Restless and daring, he looked with disdain upon the simple life of a husbandman. His ardent nature made him burn to distinguish himself in deeds of warlike skill and dauntless courage. These qualities, combined with a hardy robust frame, and

very handsome features, made him conspicuous among his companions, and attracted the attention of the Laird of Gorthlick, who was so taken with his appearance and manner, that he determined to save him from the drudgery of a farmer's life, and give him a chance of pushing his fortunes in a more congenial sphere. Ian was, accordingly, much to his own delight and to the satisfaction of his mother, admitted an inmate of the castle, as a sort of confidential attendant or page to its master.

Here several years passed swiftly and happily; young Mactavish daily growing in the favour of his patron, who, having no son of his own, gradually came to treat Ian as one, and took a great pride in seeing his protegee acquit himself so bravely in the frequent skirmishes they had with the aliens, a large number of whom still held possession of the upper part of Stratherrick, and were continually making raids on the neighbouring territories. Evan Dubh, their captain, was a bold unscrupulous man, somewhat advanced in years, but still full of energy and enterprise.

When our hero was about eighteen, his patron was called away with the best part of his followers, to attend a grand meeting of the Clans, held at some distance, and before leaving home, called young Mactavish, and told him that he should leave him in charge at home, during his absence. And young as he was, yet he had every confidence in his courage and prudence, and not only left him in command of the men who remained behind, but also entrusted to him the safe keeping of the castle; and, most precious of all, the charge and safety of his only daughter, the lovely Catharine, then just blooming into womanhood. Ian's heart beat high at the great honour paid to him by this signal proof of his Chief's confidence, but especially at being considered worthy of being constituted the guardian and protector of the beautiful and fascinating Catharine, whom he had long worshipped at a distance, as if she were a superior being of another world; and now he was actually her guardian, and on him depended her safety and well-being, until the return of her father. His brain was in a whirl with ecstasy, and his heart thrilled with emotion, as a vision of possible future bliss rose in his agitated breast. "If her father deems me worthy of being her protector for a time, is it not just possible, if I do my duty and deserve her, that I may be yet considered worthy of her for life. Little need had he to urge me to watch over her carefully. I would lay down my life at any moment to do her service."

For a few days after the Chief had left everything was quiet and secure, and Ian began secretly to wish that some danger might arise to afford him an opportunity of showing his devotion to the fair Catharine. On the evening of the fifth day, however, the alarm was given at the castle that a large party of the aliens, headed by the renowned captain, Evan Dubh himself, was driving the cattle from their pasture, molesting the men in charge of them, and threatening to attack the castle. Hastily summoning his men, and bidding Catharine to keep close indoors and have no fear, Mactavish, with his trusty band, rushed out to meet and chastise the intruders. Evan Dubh, fully acquainted with the Chief's absence from the castle, had expected an easy victory, and was considerably taken aback by the sudden and impetuous onslaught of Ian, but, noting the smallness of the defending body, he determined to give fight, and recalling the men engaged in driving off the cattle, a regular pitched

battle ensued. The aliens largely outnumbered the defending party, and for a time Ian seemed to be getting the worst of it, when Mactavish signalling out the alien leader, worked his way to where he stood, hewing down every one who came in his way. A fearful hand-to-hand combat took place between them. Evan Dubh was a strong built man, somewhat under the middle height, whose life had been spent in warfare. With iron sinews, eagle eye, and a ready hand, which constant practice had rendered perfect in the use of his weapon, he was a formidable opponent to the youthful Ian, who, however, never yet flinched. What he lacked in weight, he made up by extra agility, and his want of experience was compensated by his impetuosity and daring. His eye was quick, and his courage as high as that of his enemy. Evan Dubh first looked with disdain at the youthful appearance of Mactavish, and contemptuously exclaimed,—“Fall back, thou presumptuous stripling, ere I kill thee at one blow. Wait till thy beard has grown before thou cross swords with me.” Ian’s only answer to this was a furious blow at Evan’s head, which he parried with difficulty, and he soon found that he had a foeman worthy of his steel, boy though he was. The strife was severe, and the ultimate result seemed doubtful, but the fiery energy and quick movements of Ian began to tell on the older warrior, who, with labouring breath, gathered himself together for a final blow, which he hurled with all his remaining strength at the devoted Ian. The stroke descended with lightning-like rapidity, but our hero quickly parried it, and, with a sudden thrust, wounded Evan, who dropped on his knees, his broadsword falling from his nerveless grasp. Dropping his own sword, young Ian drew his dirk, and springing upon his opponent, bore him to the earth, and, holding his dirk before the eyes of the prostrate man, demanded if he would now submit himself as a prisoner, and save his life. Instead of replying, the wounded alien glared with glazed eyes and horror-stricken look upon the blood-stained dirk which Ian held before him.

“Do you yield?” shouted Ian.

Still Evan Dubh answered not, but keeping his eyes fixed on the dirk, muttered incoherently, “It is, it is, the same, my own. Many a year has passed since last I used it!”

Mactavish losing patience, and fearing he should lose his advantage, in the excitement of the moment, buried his dirk in the breast of his antagonist. The blow did not prove immediately fatal, and, as Ian drew it back from the dying man’s breast, Evan seized his arm, and in faltering tones, exclaimed,—“Where got ye that dirk? Well do I know it, long have I carried it, and many a brave enemy has felt its point, and now it has done for myself at last! Ah, poor Mactavish, I left it embedded in thy side, by the bank of bonnie Loch Riven, which I am now doomed to see no more.” “What,” cried Ian, in terrible excitement and rage, “what did you say? Was it your hand that shed the innocent blood of my father? Speak! speak! you shall not die until you tell me:” and, in his eagerness and passion, he violently shook the expiring alien, who faintly replied, “Your father! was that your father? Ah, I see him. I remember him. Look! he is pleading with our captain. Ah, ha! he might as well have asked mercy from the wolf! I see him now raise his arm to strike—fool, your father, he soon got his answer. And yet I wish I had

not killed him in that way. It was not a fair fight—raise me up, I am choking; keep off Mactavish! Why do you glare on me so? Give me back my dirk! I did not mean to kill you—keep off! away! away! Oh! I did——” The feeble voice was choked, and with a deep groan, Evan Dubh, who had hitherto never yielded to mortal man, succumbed to the king of terrors, and, with one last convulsive struggle, his guilty spirit took its flight.

It would be difficult to analyze Ian's feelings as he saw the murderer of his father expire by his own hand. Detestation of the man became mingled with gratified revenge, and awe at the presence of death in such a fearful form, was mixed with a grim satisfaction that he had been able, though unwittingly, to avenge the fate of his father.

The aliens, seeing their leader fall, became disheartened, and were soon put to flight, followed by Mactavish and his men, who made most of them kiss the sod with Evan Dubh.

Catharine met her youthful and brave champion at the door of the castle with a veritable April face, smiles and tears struggling for the mastery. She tried hard to command her feelings, and welcome him with a proper dignity of demeanour, but her emotion on seeing him wounded overcame all ceremony, and, seizing his hand, she exclaimed with fervour “Thank heaven! you have returned. I feared you would have been killed, and then what would have become of me.” Then, as if fearing she had said too much, she turned and flew to her own apartment, sending a parting glance from under her fringed eyelashes that thrilled through and through the susceptible heart of Mactavish, and raised him to the seventh heaven of enchantment.

When Ian related to his mother the strange manner in which he had discovered the man for whom he had been looking all his life, and showed her the dirk, now stained with the blood of the slayer of his father, as well as that of the slain, the widow was satisfied that at long last her beloved husband was avenged, and that by the hand of her son; and both were still more pleased that Evan Dubh had met his death in fair fight, and that Ian's conscience was clear from bloodguiltiness.

On Fraser's return home, he was extremely pleased at the bold manner in which Mactavish had met and defeated the raiders; and when his daughter, in glowing and eloquent terms, dwelt on the devotion and heroism of young Ian, the old man soon guessed the secret which she thought was yet safely locked in her own breast; and being well pleased that her choice should be such a worthy one, he cheerfully agreed to his daughter's proposed alliance, and left Ian to plead his own cause with the maiden, which he, rendered eloquent by love, did to such good purpose, that the marriage-day was soon fixed; and, amid the congratulations of friends, and the blessing of Ian's widowed mother, the lovely Catharine was led to the altar, a blushing bride, by the young and gallant Ian Ban Mactavish.

M. A. ROSE.

THE CROFTER'S LAMENT.

—o—

Oh! weep not, my Mary, thy tears give me anguish,
 And break the proud spirit that dwells in my heart;
 Tho' doomed in the land of our fathers to languish,
 Thy sorrow wounds more than our Fate can impart:—
 Ochon! from our shieling we're ruthlessly driven,
 And reft of our little with pitiless scorn,
 The God of the homeless in merciful Heaven,
 Shall surely give bread to his children forlorn;—
 Banished we'll weary roam,
 Seeking another home,
 And strangers shall wander where happiness dwelt,
 Ruins shall mark the spot,
 Where stood our lowly cot,
 And silence shall tell of the wrongs we have felt.

 Yon lordly oppressor may smile at our grieving,
 And laugh at the tears which the helpless have shed;
 The wealth that he craves from injustice, is leaving
 The withering curse of the poor on his head;—
 No more shall the love of the humble give glory,
 The hall of his sires is o'ershadowed with shame,
 The winds from the mountains shall whisper the story,
 That clings with dishonour around the old name:—
 Loveless for ever then,
 Hateful to Highlandmen,
 No beauty remains where cold avarice sways,
 Heedless of love's reward,
 Honoured with no regard,
 All joyless the life where no tongue can give praise.

 Ah! weep not, my Mary, tho' now we are going
 From all that we cherished for many long years;
 The grasp of the proud, tho' our sorrows bestowing,
 Can crush not the love which is told in thy tears;—
 Farewell, ye blue mountains! ye mourners forsaken,
 How oft have ye echoed the wails of the sad;
 Farewell, ye green valleys! no more shall ye waken
 The songs of the happy or shouts of the glad:—
 Ever in glow and gloom,
 Telling of dool and doom,
 Wild breathing the tale of your children opprest,
 Crushed 'neath the Saxon's thrall,
 Silent and sadly all,
 We leave ye, but love ye for ever the best.

SUNDERLAND.

WM. ALLAN.

GENEALOGICAL NOTES AND QUERIES.

A N S W E R S.

THE CUTHBERTS OF CASTLEHILL.

THE enquiry concerning the Cuthbert Family, which occurs among the Genealogical Notes and Queries in the last *Celtic Magazine*, opens up a somewhat lengthy subject, for this family seems to have occupied a prominent position in this district for 300 years from the close of the 15th century. The Great Seal Index contains a quantity of charters, and there are Registers of Sasines and innumerable deeds in their favour during that long period. There is frequent mention of the Cuthberts also in the Lovat Charters; while they appear to have intermarried with most of the neighbouring families; and Cuthberts were oftentimes Provosts of Inverness. Their genealogy is given by an Act of Parliament of Scotland, vol. viii., James VII., A.D. 1686, entitled, "Warrant of Bore Brieve to Charles Colbert of Seignelay." They had their rise in the South—whither they ultimately retired—and their names are written both as Colbert and Cuthbert; the latter invariably in the North.

The following Memoir is extracted from a MS. volume in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, entitled "Materials from a Baronage of Scotland":—

"The family has held the Barony of Castlehill from the Crown of Scotland as a Royal feu, for services rendered, and for services to be rendered, to the King. Other lands they held in vassalage from particular superiors, such as the Town of Inverness, the Barons of Dacus, &c., as appears from Charters granted by these. Also the lands of Drakies, Stonfield, Mucovie, and other tenures.

"The representatives of the Castlehill family have always been called by the Highlanders, "MacIrish" or MacGeorge. The armorial bearing of the principal family is a Serpent erect, azure; the former motto was *Perite et Recte*; but in 1411, a Cuthbert led the forces of the Town of Inverness with the King's troops against Macdonald of the Isles, and for his behaviour at Harlaw there was added to his shield, a Fess Gules on a field Or, and for a crest, a Hand in a gauntlet, holding a weapon like an arrow, and the former words was added for motto, *Nec minus Fortiter*. Two bay-coloured horses were granted him for supporters.

"The oldest Charter known of the family was by King James III. in 1478, of the lands of Auld Castlehill, to William Cuthbert, son to John, and grandson of George, who had distinguished himself at Harlaw. The next, by Mary, Queen of Scots, in 1548 to George, nephew and apparent heir of John Cuthbert of Castlehill, and to his heirs male. The family has subsequently obtained other Charters, of which the most explicit is that granted by King James VI in 1592, which was confirmed by King Charles I. in 1625.

"The Bailiff of the family administered justice in the name of the

owner of the estate to his dependents, and representatives of the family filled the offices of High Sheriff of Inverness and Ross, Knights of the Shire, &c. They were founders of a Chapel at Inverness, under the invocation of St Cuthbert, which was afterwards destroyed by the Calvinists. The family of Castlehill, however, has always preserved its right of sepulture in the site of the old chapel.

"*Cuthbert of Drakies*, near Inverness, possessed also Loch Line (!Linnhe) and Auchintua in Ross. The branch was extinct by the death of George Cuthbert of Drakies, who, having no issue, disposed of his property in favour of James Cuthbert, second son of George of Castlehill, whose descendants are in Georgia and South Carolina. Another branch is supposed to have settled in Angus-shire, there being on record a Charter of the lands of Roscobry, near Forfar, to N. Coubert, A.D. 1588.

"The lands of Mains and Ochterton, in Aberdeenshire, were granted by Charter to N. Cudbert, in 1610; those of Nether Cloquart in Perthshire, to N. Cuthbert of Cloquart in 1634.

"The most considerable branch, however, of the family is in Champagne, in France, established there since the 13th century, when Nicolas Cuthbert of COLBERT went from Scotland to France, and fixed his residence near Rheims, where his tomb is to be seen in the Church of the Monks of St Remi; with the inscription—"Ci gist le preux chevalier Nicolas Colbert, dit ly Ecossois: priez pour l'ame de Ly." From this Nicolas descended the great Jean Baptiste Colbert, 'le grand Colbert,' minister of State to Louis XIV. He, and after him, his son, the Marquis of Seignelay, sent to Scotland a request for their pedigree. The Bore-brief was drawn up by George Cuthbert, Provost of Inverness, and presented to the States of Scotland, in 1687.

- I. JOHN CUTHBERT of Castlehill, when a youth, served in the Wars of Sweden, under Gustavus Adolphus, 1630; and, on the death of his General at Lutzen, returned to his estate, when he married N. Cuthbert, a daughter of Cuthbert of Drakies, by whom he had a son and nine daughters, who were mostly married to neighbouring gentlemen.
 - II. GEORGE CUTHBERT, son of John, succeeded his father, and married Magdalen, daughter of Sir James Fraser of Brae, niece to Lord Lovat, by whom he had three sons and a daughter, Magdalen, married to Hugh, fifteenth Baron of Kilravock, as third wife.
 - III. JOHN, the eldest, succeeded his father, and married Jean Hay, only daughter of the Right Rev. N. Hay of Dalgetty, last Bishop of Moray; by her he had four sons. (This lady appears as a claimant on the Estate of Simon, Lord Lovat, in 1757, in the Frazerdale case.)
 - IV. GEORGE, the eldest, succeeded his father, and married Mary Mac-kintosh of Blairvie, a cadet of Holme. By her he had a great many children, of whom eight were living at their father's death.
- "*John*, the eldest, in the army. He served first as an officer in Holland, in one of the Scotch-Dutch Regiments; next, in the British army, and was killed at the siege of Louisberg, where he fought under General Wolff. He left no issue.

"*James*, the second son, went to South Carolina, where he died, leav-

ing an estate, a widow, and several children, who are now the representatives of the family.

"*Seignelay*, the third son, after his father's death, went into France, where he embraced the ecclesiastic state, and became Grand-Vicar of Toulouse, and afterwards Bishop of Rodez, and was appointed President of the Provincial Assembly of the Haute Guyenne. In 1787 he was called to the 'Assembly of Notables' by the King; after which he was deputed by the Clergy of Rovergne to the States General at Versailles in 1789. Refusing to take the Revolutionary oath, he was proscribed by the Party, and took refuge in England.

"*Lewis*, the fourth son, went to Jamaica, where he became a Member of the Legislative Assembly. The last Proprietor of the Cuthbert lands.

"*Lachlan*, the fifth son, was an officer of Artillery at Belle Isle, where he received the thanks of the General Commanding. He died a few years after (without issue) in France, whither he had gone on account of his health.

"*George*, the youngest, went to Jamaica, where he became High Provost-Marshal. He died without issue.

"*Madalen*, eldest daughter of George, married Major James Johnstone, 65th Regiment. Issue, two sons and one daughter, viz.—Robert, Captain 39th Foot; died at Guadaloupe. George, Major 4th or King's Own Infantry. Mary Ann, married Hon. Francis Grey, brother to Lord Grey, a Major of the 1st battalion of Breadalbane Fencibles.

"*Rachel*, 2d daughter of George of Castlehill, married Simon Fraser of Daltullich. Issue; John, Alexander, and Seignelay; Mary; Catharine married to Lieut. Robertson of the Hopetown Fencibles; Helena married — Hannah, officer of Excise at Inverness; Magdalen and Jean.

"Sons of John III., *supra*.

"*George*, his heir; *Lauchlan*, second son, went to France, where he entered the army, and became *Maréchal de Camp*, or Major-General. He married in France, — Hereford, by whom he had a son, Roger, Baron de Colbert; and a daughter, who died unmarried.

"*Alexander*, third son, went to France, and became *L'Abbé Colbert*.

"*James*, fourth son, went to America, to South Carolina, where he twice married, and had a numerous family.

"*Jean*, the eldest daughter, married Thomas Alves of Shipland, Inverness. Her issue—1st, John Alves, Physician at Inverness, married first, — Campbell of the Calder family. Issue—1, Thomas, in Jamaica; 2, Archibald, of Springfield, Edinburgh; 3, Alexander, in Jamaica, d.s.p.; 4, Jean, married an Irish Presbyterian minister. John Alves, married 2d, — Baillie of Dunain. Issue—1, William, in Demerara, distinguished in the defence of St Vincent against the French, when he was wounded; 2, Ann; 3, Helen, married — Inglis, brother to William Inglis, Provost of Inverness.

"*Jean*, 2d son Thomas, and 3d James.

"After the death of George IV. *supra*, the Estate, burdened with heavy debt, was left by his children to the creditors, and came to a judicial sale in 1780, when it was purchased by Alexander Cuthbert, third son of John and brother to George. He died in 1782, and from his heirs-at-law the estate was again purchased by George, youngest son of the late George

Cuthbert of Castlehill. He was hardly in possession of the estate, when he died in Jamaica, without issue, having married Ann Pinnock. His landed property devolved on his brother, Lewis, who married Jean Pinnock, sister to his brother's wife, of an honourable family in Jamaica, by whom he had two sons and three daughters. 1st, George, Provost-Marshal and Admiralty Judge at Jamaica; 2d, Seignelay. Daughters, Elizabeth and two others.

"The above is from Deeds, vouchers of which are lodged in the Lyon office."

Lewis Cuthbert of Castlehill sold his estate at Inverness, and afterwards failed in business as a West Indian merchant, and died in a lunatic asylum. Other branches of the family survive. One member of it was, in 1860, living in London, a retired Bengal Civilian. The late General John Mackenzie of Gairloch (born 1763, died 1860) remembered entertaining the then Cuthbert of Castlehill, and the Bishop of Rodez, when with the left wing of the 78th Regiment at Putney in 1795.

I am not in possession of any information regarding members of the family still existing; but in a number of the *Courier*, published perhaps a year ago, there was a notice of a sale of some land in Inverness, the last remnant of the old Cuthbert property.

JAMES D. MACKENZIE.

Mountgerald, Dingwall, March 1879.

THE REV. GEORGE SEIGNELAY CUTHBERT, vicar of Market-Drayton, Salop, writes, "In answer to the query relative to the Cuthberts of Castlehill, I am the lineal representative of this ancient family—at all events in Europe. My father was Seignelay Thomas Cuthbert (H.E.I.C.S.), son of Lewis Cuthbert, the third son of George Cuthbert, the last of the Barons of Castlehill, who resided there and possessed the property. Whether there are any descendants of James Cuthbert, the eldest son of the said Baron, still living in America, I do not know; but the second son, Seignelay, my great-uncle having been Bishop of Rodez in France, and so, of course, unmarried, I have the honour of being now the direct lineal descendant of the Cuthbert family in the United Kingdom."

THE CHIEF OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE.—We refer "*Cabar*" to the article on the CHIEFSHIP, which appears in this number, for an answer to the principal points in his query. He will find that, failing the family of Allangrange, the Chiefship reverts to the Old Mackenzies of Dundonnell, the representative of which, in this country, is John Hope Mackenzie, now residing at Tarradale. An elder son went to California, of whom there is no trace.

[Ed. C.M.]

THE CAMERONS.—In "*Smibert's Clans*" appears the following, on page 101:—"An ancient manuscript History of the Clan Cameron commences with these words—'The Camerons have a tradition among them that they are originally descended of a younger son of the Royal Family of Denmark, who assisted at the restoration of Fergus II. He was called *Cameron* from his *crooked nose*, as that word imports. But it is more probable that they are of the Aborigines of the ancient Scots or Caledo-

nians that first planted the country.' Mr Skene quotes these words, and concurs in the latter conclusion, which indeed seems the most feasible in the case." I do not know where this manuscript History of the Camerons is now to be found; but, unless it was given, like many other Highland MS. histories, to the late Mr Donald Gregory, and, in consequence of his death, never returned, it will probably be found in Lochiel's possession, or in that of Mr W. F. Skene, who, it is understood, obtained possession of Gregory's papers and manuscripts. M

Q U E R I E S.

(9) CHISHOLM OF TEAWIG.—Wanted, information respecting the Origin and Pedigree of the Family of Chisholm of Teawig, parish of Kilmorack, Inverness-shire. The head of the family at the end of the seventeenth century was Alexander Chisholm, who was succeeded by his son of the same name. Rev. Thomas Chisholm and the Rev. David Chisholm, ministers of Kilmorack, were of this family, which was a landed one, holding the property of Teawig in fee or in wadset. C.D.A.

(10) GILDONICH.—A somewhat common surname in Kilmorack at the end of the 17th and beginning of the 18th centuries was that of "Gildonich," sometimes spelt "Mbaol-donich," sometimes "MacGildonich" and "MacOldonich." The name disappears altogether, so far as the Church Registers are concerned, before 1720. What surname did the family assume, and what are the members of it now known by? The name "Gildonich" appears to mean "servant of St Dominick." How did it originate in the Aird? A.C.D.

(11) REV. WILLIAM FRASER OF KILMORACK.—What family of Frasers was this minister derived from? He was minister at the end of the 17th century. A.D.C.

(12) CLAN GUNN.—Would any reader of the *Celtic Magazine* inform me who the younger sons of Donald Gunn of Killernan (sixth MacHamish) were—and also who their descendants were for three generations? MACIAN.

(13) FERNE, in Ross-shire, at one time the seat of a Monastery was also a Regality, and as such was competent to Register Deeds as Commissary or Sheriff Courts. Deeds registered in the "Regality Books of Ferne" are frequently named in Highland records. Does anyone know what became of these books at the absorption or extinction of the Regality powers? LEX.

(14) THE CUTHBERTS OF INVERNESS.—Mr Fraser-Mackintosh tells us that "Alexander Cuthbert, predecessor to the Cuthberts of Drakies, was slain at Pinkie (1547)." Will any grubbier amongst the ashes of ancestors kindly give the predecessors of that gentleman and his successors up to Alexander, who died soon after 1600; also, the wives and their families? The last-named Alexander's spouse was a Christian Dunbar; was she of an Inverness family? F. MEDENHAM.

(15) THE ROSSES OF INVERCHARRON.—Can any Ross, Munro, or Mackenzie Seannachie fill up the following gaps:—There was a younger branch of Balnagowan called Ross of Invercharron from the 15th or 16th century until about 1797 (when it was sold to another family of Rosses). A William thereof married a daughter of Mackenzie, first of Davochmaluak. Was this William the first owner or was he William, son of Alexander of Invercharron—the latter two died from 1620 to 25? Alexander's relict was a Mackenzie; of what family was she, and was she a second wife? His grandson, Walter, was an Isabella [or Elizabeth] Munro, relict of Innes of Calrossie, and daughter of Andrew Munro or George Munro of Milntown; which is correct? Any information about this family previous to 1620 is anxiously sought. QUILL.

(16) THE PEERAGE AND BARONETRIES OF CROMARTY AND TARBAT.—Will you or any of the numerous Mackenzies or other antiquarian readers of the *Celtic Magazine* inform me who is the present representative of the Cromarty and Tarbat honours in the male line. The present Duchess of Sutherland, descended from the Earls of Cromarty in the female line was, in 1861, created Countess of Cromarty, but it is generally believed that a family of Mackenzies in Lochinvar represent the old family of Tarbat and Cromarty. I shall esteem it a favour if any one can give me correct information regarding this, and full particulars about the Lochinvar family and their families, heirs, &c., if any, in your query column? TARBAT.

Correspondence.

DUNVEGAN CASTLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

The Manse, Narracoorte,
South Australia, 14th December 1878.

DEAR SIR,—I send you the following lines, which I heard recited by an old friend in my youth, but which I have never seen in print; and I have much pleasure in making you a present of them, if you think them worthy of a place in the Magazine. Of their authorship I know nothing—nor of the subject of his eulogy,—but there must surely be some record in Skye of the magnificent mansion described by the bard:—

A dhaoine seallaibh air an aitreabh,
'Tha mise faicinn le'm shuillibh !
Cismaol Mac Neill a Barra
An deigh's teachd a steach do'n duthaich,
Teaghlach muirneach, rioghail, ceutach,
Anns am biodh cinn-fheadhna 's diucan,
Pìob ga spreigeadh ann ad thrannsa
Srannraich each is fathrum chruithean.

S ann an Steinn a thog thu 'n aitreabh
Far am faighte 'n gloine lionta,
Ruma glas is fion na Frainge,
Uisge beatha 's branndai riomhach
'S ma dheoghainn gach seorsa bidhe
Cha 'n urrainn mi dhuibh ga chunntas :
Cruithneachd, 's briogaidhean nan Innsean,
Muc ga Sgriobadh 's moilt ga'n rusgadh.

A thalla nam buadhanna mora,
S' eibhinn na sloigh 'tha mu'n cuairt duit,
S mor a chi iad do gach ioghna,
Cuir seachad an t' saoghail gun ghruaman ;
Beannachd do'n laimh 'thog na clachan,
Dh'fhag e iad gu daingeann laidir,
'S uair a measa 'shaor a ghiuthais,
Gur buidheach mi dh' obair a laimhe,
'S nam b' urrainn mo bheul innse,
Mar a ta m' inntinn ag raitinn
Cha togar s' cha deanar aitreabh
An taic ris a Chaisteal so lamh ruinn.

[Here my memory fails me a little.]

. . . An Eaglais mhor a tha'n Glaschu,
 . . . S' air a chaisteal a tha'n Struila,
 An tur Uaine 'bha 'n Lunainn,
 Gum b' iongantach an gnìomh dhaoine' e.
 Bha aitreabh ann an Hanover,
 Le ursnaibh oir s' le comhla airgid,
 Ach a leithid so do aitreabh
 Cha'n fhacas an taice ri fairge,
 Air dheanamh le aol 's le clachan
 Cho geal ri sneachda nan garbhlach.

Nuair a chaidh mi stigh 'n 'ad thrannsa,
 Sheall mi os mo cheann gu diblidh,
 Chunnaic mi gach ni bha aghmhor,
 'S cha nar dhomh teannadh r' a innseadh,
 Coinnlean ceir a bhi gan lasadh,
 Air bord snaighte do'n fhiodh riomhach,
 Airgid is or fad mo sheallaidh,
 Sgathanna glaine gu lionmhor.

Thig loingear nan gunnacha mora,
 Le 'n cuid sheol, a stigh fo'd dhorus,
 Theid gach Cauptin sìos ga gheolaidh
 'S eighidh e, gur mor an t' annas,
 An aitreabh ud a tha air tìr,
 Sa slìos cho li ri cli na h'eala,
 Teannamaid a steach da h' ionnsaidh,
 Sgu'm faiceamaid surd a balla.

Theid iad a steach air a dorus
 S' cuiridh iad an ad fo'n cleoca
 Suathaidh iad am brogan mine, dubha,
 'N *Carpat* buidhe 's fiamh an oir air,
 Siubhlaidh iad gu ciallach, samhach, modhail, narach,
 Feadh do sheomar, an ad s' am brogan fo'n achlais,
 'S cha bu lapach an ceann sgoid iad.

Thig iad a mach air a dorus,
 Bheir gach fear a shoitheach fein air,
 Togaidh iad an siuil ri crannaibh,
 Siubhlaidh iad air tonnaibh bronnach uaine,
 'S cha stad iad gus an ruig iad Lunainn,
 Toirt urram do aitreabh Ruairidh.

I hope the Bard will get into print, and I shall not regret that I have been the means of introducing him to your readers.—I am, yours faithfully,

D. M'CALMAN,

Presbyterian Minister.

On receipt, we handed the above to our venerable friend, the Rev. Alexander Macgregor, M.A., that he might throw what light he could on the subject of this excellent composition, and he supplied the following

notes, which will no doubt prove interesting to others, as well as to our friend at the Antipodes :—

There is much interest attached to the ancient Duns or Forts, which are so numerous on the coasts of the Western Isles. Some of these are of very remote antiquity, and may have been built in the pre-historic ages. Others very probably were erected during the Fingalian wars, while others were reared as places of defence, at less remote periods, and the Isles, were seized upon by their Scandinavian invaders. In Skye alone there are no fewer than about one hundred ruins of various descriptions of forts, and all of them are situated in suitable localities near the sea. Dun-Scaith, on the west coast of Sleat, is alluded to by Ossian, and was a very extensive building, connected with which the remains of a prison and draw-wall are still visible. Of all these forts, that of Dunvegan, in the parish of Duirinish in Skye, is the only one still inhabited. No doubt it is the Dun alluded to by the bard in the beautiful Gaelic poem herewith given. A brief but minute description of this interesting monument of primeval ages cannot fail to edify the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*, and particularly so such as admire the descriptive effusions of Gaelic bards in praise of their heroic chieftains, and lordly residences. The period when the oldest part of this fort was built is buried in remote antiquity. A portion of it is said to have been erected in the eighth or ninth century. Subsequently, a lofty tower was raised over the fort by Alasdair Crotach, about the middle of the thirteenth century, to correspond with an ancient tower built on the opposite side of the square. For hundreds of years these two towers were separated from each other, except by a secret passage excavated from the solid rock ; but, eventually, they were united by a row of less elevated edifices erected by Ruairidh Mor, who received the honour of knighthood from James VI. It was, no doubt, during the lifetime of Ruairidh Mor that the Gaelic song hereto attached was composed, as that gallant chieftain is evidently the one alluded to in it. Probably it is the composition of the celebrated poetess, Mairi Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh, who lived in the days of her distinguished relative and chief, Ruairidh Mor, and sung his praises in poems of rousing energy and beauty. The Macleods of Dunvegan had likewise a race of pipers, from time immemorial—the MacCrimmons, who officiated in that capacity all along from sire to son. They had for centuries their training college at Borerraig, near Dunvegan, where they communicated their masterly knowledge of bagpipe-music to numerous pupils from all quarters of the kingdom. At the date under review, Patric Mor MacCrimmon was piper to Ruairidh Mor, for whom he composed a salute, as celebrated for its melting pathos, as ever were the poetic strains of Mairi Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh.

Dunvegan Castle or fort is built upon an isolated, precipitous rock of about two hundred feet in height. In olden times, tradition says, that the sea surrounded it, by dashing through a dark narrow chasm that separated the castle-rock from the land. On the opposite side, the sea was deep, and capable of allowing boats or galleys of any size to sail to the very base of the perpendicular precipice. There was no entrance of old into the fort but from the sea-side, and that was by a steep narrow stair cut in the rock, and both difficult and dangerous to climb.

In latter times this entrance ceased to be used, as it could not easily be approached by sea, and a massive draw-bridge was thrown across the chasm already alluded to. At a still more modern date, this chasm was filled up with stones and rubbish, and a substantial roadway now leads to the castle on the north side. Within the quadrangle of this fortalice a well was excavated in the solid rock to the depth of about two hundred feet, out of which an abundance of pure water could be drawn up to supply the fort. This well resembles that in Edinburgh Castle, and is still open and frequently used. As already stated, Dunvegan Castle is to this day inhabited by Macleod of Macleod, and a very romantic, yet comfortable residence it is. The walls of the great dining-hall in the old tower are fourteen feet thick, and large parties may dine in the angular recesses of the windows.

As the Castle is situate near the terminus of Loch Foillart, the anchorage close by it for large vessels is not at all times safe; and the consequence was, that ships of considerable size resorted to the adjacent harbour of Lochbay, where they might lie in safety in all weathers, under the shelter of Isay Isle, and opposite to the village of Stein.

There are several relics of considerable interest in the ancient Castle of Dunvegan to which a bare allusion may now be made. The principal ones among these are Ruairidh Mor's drinking-horn, Niall Glundubh's chalice, and the Saracen Fairy flag. Ruairidh Mor's horn is immensely large, and will contain five English pints of Mountain dew, or any less powerful liquid. It is beautifully carved and chased, and mounted with silver. The chalice or cup of Niall Glundubh is hollowed out of a block of solid ebony, sits upon four pedestals of silver, and is splendidly mounted with silver and precious stones. It bears the date of 991, and has an inscription on it in Latin. It is said to have been taken by one of the Macleods from an Irish Chief, named Niall Glundubh. The Bratach-Shith, or Fairy flag, is still carefully preserved, although much decayed through age, and the pilfering of shreds of it by curious visitors. Tradition has it, that the flag was taken during the Crusades, from a Saracen chief, and that it is possessed of various miraculous properties. The fate and fortune of the Macleods depend upon this mystical flag, and it is the palladium of their clan. These interesting relics have been alluded to by Sir Walter Scott in his diary, and also in his notes to the Lord of the Isles, and tourists and visitors may still inspect them, and many things besides, if they pay a visit to the elevated hoary Castle of Dunvegan.

Mo Ruairidh Mor, Mo Ruairidh Mor!

Bithidh ceol is dain ann talladh 'n fhir fheill,

Deochan o chein, sitheann beinne,

Dreosach dhe'n cheir, is pioban 'gan gleus,

'S ann aros mo ruin cha bhi gainne!

Mo Ruairidh Mor, Mo Ruairidh Mor!

THE KILT AND BONNET BLUE.

—o—

My harp I'll strike for Scotia brave,
 Fair Freedom's loved abode ;
 Proud are her sons, the foot of slave
 Their heather never trode ;
 Staunch loyalty, whate'er betide,
 Their manly breasts imbue !
 They love the bonnie tartan plaid,
 The kilt, and bonnet blue.
 The kilt, and bonnet blue, hurrah !
 The kilt, and bonnet blue,
 They love the bennie tartan plaid,
 The kilt, and bonnet blue.

There are across the stormy sea
 More genial climes—what then ?
 Their maids are not so fair and free,
 Nor yet as bold their men ;
 For Scotia's sons, both far and wide,
 High honour's path pursue,
 Robed in the bonnie tartan plaid,
 The kilt, and bonnet blue.
 The kilt, and bonnet blue, hurrah !
 The kilt, and bonnet blue,
 Robed in the bonnie tartan plaid,
 The kilt, and bonnet blue.

Our liberty was dearly bought—
 Enthralling chains we spurn !
 Remember how our fathers fought
 And bled on Bannockburn !
 A fame-wreath, ever to abide,
 They bound—the gallant few !—
 Round Freedom's brow, twined with the plaid,
 The kilt, and bonnet blue.
 The kilt, and bonnet blue, hurrah !
 The kilt, and bonnet blue,
 Round Freedom's brow, twined with the plaid,
 The kilt, and bonnet blue.

If foemen, then, cross o'er the main,
 And land upon our shore,
 They'll come to be forced back again,
 Or fall in battle's roar ;
 We'll belt the claymores to our sides,
 That won famed Waterloo,
 And conquer in our tartan plaids,
 Our kilts, and bonnets blue.
 Our kilts, and bonnets blue, hurrah !
 Our kilts, and bonnets blue,
 And conquer in our tartan plaids,
 Our kilts, and bonnets blue.

EDINBURGH.

ALEXANDER LOGAN.

Literature.

THE ROSE AND THISTLE. Poems and Songs by WILLIAM ALLAN. London : Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

THIS is a handsomely got-up, illustrated volume of four hundred pages, by our friend and valued contributor, Mr William Allan, of Sunderland. It is as unnecessary, as it would be out of place, to discuss Mr Allan's merits as a poet in the *Celtic Magazine*. He has long ago established himself as a great favourite with those of our readers who care for poetry that has a sterling ring in it; and a good many of his contributions to our pages are included in the beautiful and attractive volume before us—"The Doom of Dunolly," and "The Death of Ossian," forming the first 57 pages of the book. An amount of domestic felicity is presented by the author in the praises of his own "Jean," which is most agreeable and refreshing. The following is only one of many genuine tributes of the same kind :—

LIGHTSOME JEAN.

Tichtsme, lightsome, winsome Jeanie,
Smilin', willin' ever;
Genty, tenty, canty Jeanie,
Frownin', gloomin' never,
Frownin', gloomin' never.
Life's wee burdens a' are blessin's,
Sae I lo'e them aye to tease me;
A' to pree the fond caressin's,
O' the heart that aye can please me;
Frowns are foes unto her nature,
Loveless looks she canna thole,
Happiness wi' couthie feature
Owre the house maun hae control.

Tichtsme, lightsome, winsome Jeanie,
Smilin', willin' ever;
Genty, tenty, canty Jeanie,
Frownin', gloomin' never,
Frownin', gloomin' never.

Ilka morn is aye affordin'
A' the joy that brings anither;
Ilka day maun dee recordin',
A' our bliss unto its brither;
Life wi' us has nocht o' rancour,
Hamely peace is a' we prize,
Trustin' to ae mutual anchor,
Earth to us is paradise.

The "Wee Toom Shoon," is truly touching. The sorrowing young mother mourns for her departed child, draws a picture of "his bonnie curly head," and "dark love-lowin' e'e, his chubby cheeks of glowin' red, an' lips sae sweet to me." She looks into the "wee toom shoon" worn by her lost one, and pathetically exclaims.—

I see him aft in gowden dreams
Sweet cuddlin' doon to rest;
His ae wee han' fu' often seems
Still lyin' on my breast.
Ah me! whan dawns the brichtest morn
Dark sorrow is my only boon;
I wake to feel he's frae me torn,
For death keeks oot frae the wee toom shoon—
His wee toom shoon.

Though the reader is already so well acquainted with Mr Allan's poems, as to make it superfluous to discuss his merits here, we may be permitted to say that the late Dr Carruthers expressed his opinion to us when "The Doom of Dunolly" was passing through these pages, that nothing of equal merit of the same kind appeared since Sir Walter Scott wrote on kindred themes. He afterwards expressed the same opinion to "Nether-Lochaber," and, if we correctly remember, did so also in the *Inverness Courier*. This is a far higher tribute than any commendations of ours could be. The illustrations are really good. The frontispiece is an excellent representation of Dunolly Castle and Fingal's Stone. "Here, Hector fell." While we are indisposed to say so much about the merits of the book as, in other circumstances, we might have done, the reader may not be unwilling to have a short review of the author himself. He recently paid us a visit in Inverness, in connection with which he composed that sweet little piece, "Rest in the Fight," which appeared in the February number. He is certainly a remarkable looking man for a poet,—a powerfully built, herculean frame—such a one as we would imagine Vulcan himself to be—considerably over six feet in height, with a fine open countenance full of good-natured humour. He is a very store-house of information on almost every subject, and the perfect impersonation of a true actor and mimic relating his endless laughter-producing tales and personal reminiscences.

Mr Allan has seen a good deal of the world; was bred an engineer, in which capacity he was employed during the late American War, in one of the Southern blockade runners. He was ultimately captured, and for a considerable time incarcerated in the old Capitol Prison of Washington. After various vicissitudes, he was employed as foreman engineer in the North Eastern Marine Engineering Company's Works at Sunderland, of which he is now, and has been for several years past, the managing partner, having over a thousand men under his charge, among whom are to be found the sons of the first gentlemen in England. While engaged in this iron-manner all day, he, as soon as the day's work is over, leaves the cares of the world behind him; goes home to enjoy the comforts of his fine mansion, "Scotland House," which is nearly all carved into Scotch thistles inside and out. He is seldom or ever found out of his literary corner of an evening, surrounded by all the comforts a frugal, happy, Highland wife, a hopeful family, and plenty of this world's goods, can procure, and he knocks off a lyric every night almost with the same facility as he would write a letter to a friend. In this manner Mr Allan has thrown off enough for four volumes, already published, and much more besides which has not yet seen the light. The reader will not be sorry, we feel sure, to get this peep into the position and habits of their favourite bard, which are, in every respect, as unlike those of most poets as they can well be; and we know that many of his friends only want to know that he has published the volume before us to induce them at once to secure a work so highly meritorious as a literary production, and which, at the same time, exhibits such a delightful picture of domestic happiness and home comfort.

MO NIGHNEAG GHEAL OG.

A Bhan - Rìgh nam maighdean, a dhaoimein nan seud

'S tu ur - ros a gharaidh gun fhàillinn gun bheud,

'S tu 'n ainneir a's cuimhir 'tha 'g imeachd an fheoir,

'S tu 'n t-aillèagan prìseil mo nighneag gheal og.

KEY G.

:m,	l, :-.t, :l, d :- :d.d	t, :s, :s, s, :-
:t,	l, :-.t, :l, l :- :l.l	s :-m:m m :-
:m.f	s : d :m s : f :m	r : m :d t, :-
:d.r	m :-f :m m :-m:r	d :-l, :l, l, :-

Gur aoidheil, gur fiathail, 's gur maiseach do ghnais
Do mhin-ghruaidh che boidheach ri ros 's e fo dhriuchd,
Gur daite na bilean o 'm millis 'thig ceol,
'S do dheud mar an *ibhri* mo nighneag gheal og.

Gur mor 'tha ri leughadh 's an aodann a's ailt,
Thu tuigseach 'n ad chemhradh, gun mhor-chuis gun strachd,
Tha buaidhean ri innsendh le fìrinn gu leoir
'Rinn reul a measg mhilltean de m' nighneag gheal og.

'S i 'n ur-shlat 's a' choill thu, mo mhaighdean deas donn
Gun choire ri luaidh ort o d' chuaillean gu d' bhonn,
Mar ubhal tha d'anail, blas meal' air do phoig
'S do bhriathran lan millseachd mo nighneag gheal og.

Mar anail nan ainglean 's na speuran a' snamb
Bi neoil gheal an t-samhraidh mu 'n ghrein anns an aird,
'S e sud an t-aon choimeas a bheir mi le deoin
De d' bhraighe caoin min-sa mo nighneag gheal og.

'S tu 'n euchdag dheas, donn, thogadh fonn air mo chridh
Le misneach do naduir, 's do mhanmranach bhinn,
'S 'n nair dhiagte *piana* gu b-ard le d' chaol mbeoir
Bhiodh m' acain air di-chuimhn' mo nighneag gheal og.

Gur buidhe g' ad leannan O ainnir nam buadh !
 Gur boidheach do mhala, seimh banail gun ghruaim,
 Gur iomadh duin' usal gu d' bhuannachd tha 'n toir,
 'S gur lion tha 'cur pris air mo nighneag gheal og.

Gur buidhe g' ad leannan o ainnir an aigh
 'N uair gheibh e gu deonach uait coir air do laimh,
 Gur fearr dha le cinnt na ged agriobhte dha or
 'Bhi 'g eisdeachd do bhriodail mo nighneag gheal og.

Gur binne na eoin leam an doire nan cuach
 Fonn oran o d' bhilean mar ahrisid nan bruach,
 'S do cheum tha cho eutrom air reidhlean an fheoir
 Ri eilid na fride mo nighneag gheal og.

O ciamar a chuirinn do mhaise an ceill
 No buaidhean do naduir ged 's ard duit mo speis ?
 Cha ruig air do sgiamh mi le briathran mo bheoil
 'S cha 'n urrain mi 'n agriobhadh mo nighneag gheal og.

Mo shoraidh 's mo bheannachd dhuit ainnir nam beus,
 Am meangan a's cubhraidh tha 'n dlu choill' nan geug
 Ge b'e co ni do bhuain gheibh e duais a bhios mor
 'S tu 'm beartas 's an iochd-shlaint mo nighneag gheal og.

NOTE.—The above verses—*Mo Nighneag Gheal Og*—are the composition of Mrs Mary Mackellar. To the Gaelic reader it is needless to speak of their great beauty ; and any endeavour to convey an idea of that beauty to one not conversant with Gaelic would fail. Suffice it to say that they fully sustain Mrs Mackellar's reputation as a Gaelic *Bana-bhard*. The air is well known to Highlanders and Lowlanders, and needs no comment here. W. M'K.

DR SMITH'S GAELIC PROPHETS.—We have much pleasure in calling attention to an intimation on another page, that the Rev. Dr John Smith's Gaelic Prophets are about to be reprinted by, and under the supervision of, the Rev. Donald Masson, M.A., M.D., of the Gaelic Church, Edinburgh, whose interesting and valuable articles on "Our Gaelic Bible," and now passing through this Magazine, are giving so much satisfaction to our readers. Dr Masson deserves to be supported and relieved of any risk in his plucky and patriotic venture, by an early and large subscription list. It will be seen that the edition is to be strictly limited.

THE CLAN GUNN.—A series of articles on this old Highland Clan, by a gentleman who has devoted years of research to the subject, will be commenced in an early number.

HIGHLAND AND ISLAND SCENERY.—The first article on this subject, by the Rev. Alexander Macgregor, M.A., will appear in our next.